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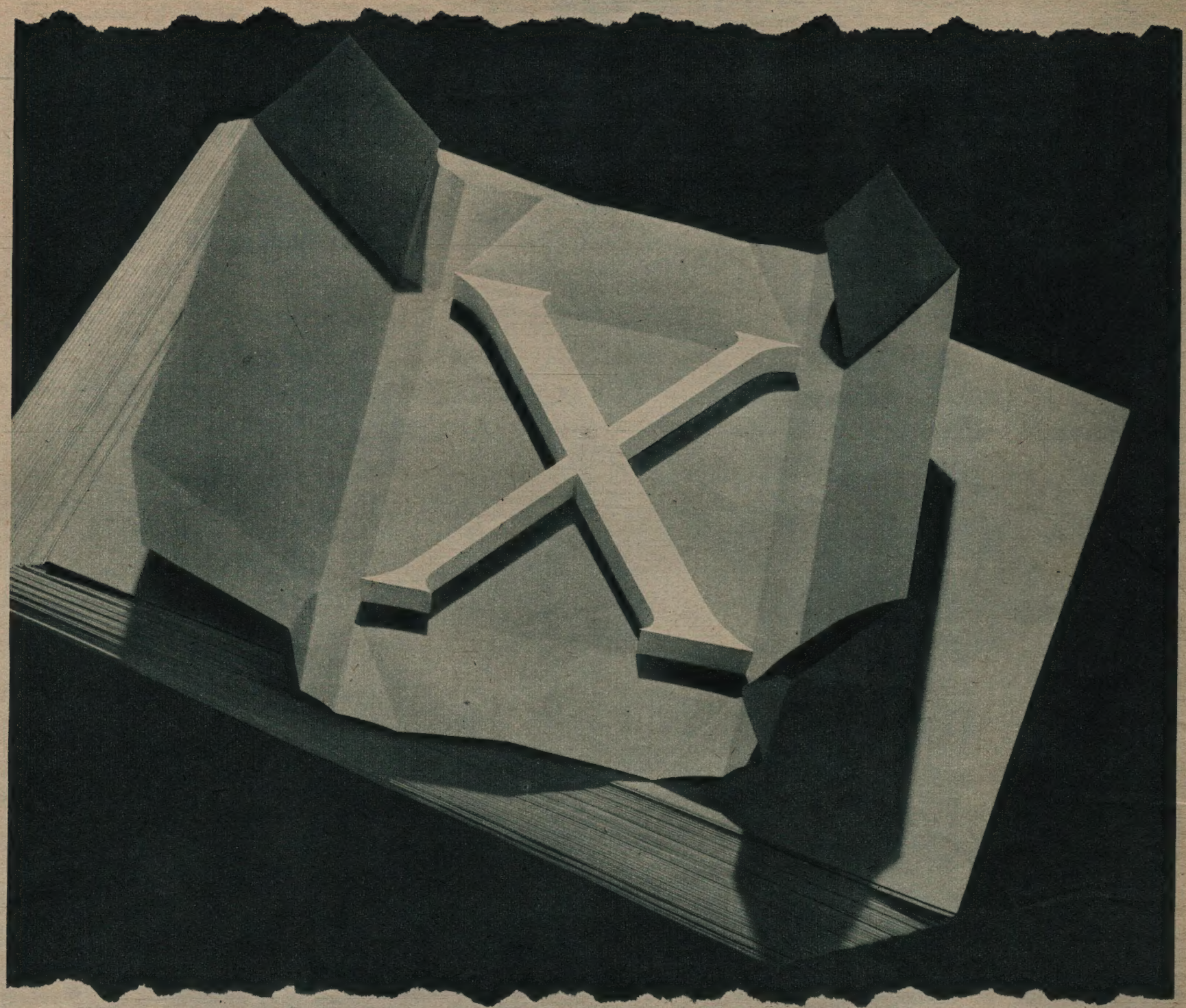

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JOHN BULL

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Alan Le May—out of the saddle, into the cockpit

BOTH parents of Alan Le May were raised on the plains frontier of the American West in the hard days of eighty and ninety years ago. That was a flying start for the young man who has become one of the most famous living writers of stories about pioneers in the West, and whose latest serial, *The Unforgiven*, begins on page 7. But Le May's success is also due to the fact that, for more than forty years, he has made a detailed study of the history of those early pioneers and of the lore of the Indian tribes.

In every year between 1927 and 1937 Le May had a full-length adventure novel published. Then he felt that he ought to get down to the business of living his fiction in real life. For seven years he wrote nothing but short stories—163 of them—and nineteen film scripts. The proceeds of this output were invested in a cattle ranch in Southern California.

Then the rains came. Le May had his cattle and ranch virtually washed away by unprecedented floods. He took a catastrophic beating. "It took me four years to write myself out of the red," he says. The best-selling novel and film, *The Searchers* (serialized in JOHN BULL in 1954) was the first result; *The Unforgiven* is the second.

Now, in his luxurious home in the fashionable Los Angeles suburb of Pacific Palisades, Le May confesses that he misses the saddle. But his eldest son, Dan, recently suggested that the upholstery of a racing car might be just as exciting. Le May took the advice and now, at the age of fifty-seven, he has just bought a 130-m.p.h. Italian car and is burning up the motor race tracks of California with marked success.

WHILE painting the illustration for the story, *Sean O'Malley's Daughter*, which begins on page 20, artist Henry Seabright was toying with the memory of his own escapade in a rowing boat.

He and his wife took out two friends in a dinghy borrowed from a fisherman. During their trip the wind blew up and the sea got choppy, and they decided to go back. Suddenly one of the guests pointed to the bottom of the boat. Water was surging in. Seabright, the only swimmer, shouted and whistled until a motor-boat came to help. "When we got back," recalls Seabright, "we were told that many of the fishermen don't bother with the bung for short journeys."

Seabright, who is fifty-four, enjoys sailing among the creeks of the Essex coast not far from his home at Upminster. Curiously, his bitterest memory is also of the sea. With the R.A.F. during the war, he was on board a troopship rounding the Cape when it was torpedoed. He jumped overboard and spent two hours in the water and two days in a lifeboat. Seabright hopes one day to illustrate a story about a ship going down. "It'll be one I feel more than competent to paint."

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Free Speech

- **Labour-saving time wasters**
- **Black-out for Britain's war babies?**
- **Where soccer fans go in summer**

WHENEVER a new labour-saving device is invented I want to go away and hide. I know from experience that it probably won't be anything of the sort.

The telephone doesn't really ease our burdens. We just do ten times the work in the same time but with additional nervous strain. And my wife has so many easily washable materials to cope with these days that she is always up to her elbows in soapsuds and there are always things hanging up to drip dry.

Even fast transport doesn't help. It merely allows us to live farther away from the office and wreck our nerves getting there and back. No wonder we're becoming a nation of neurotic pill-addicts with no time to stop and think about the *important* things in life. We have too many labour-saving ideas.—E. T., Norwich, Norfolk.

Forgotten War

For the first time since the war I work among boys and girls aged fifteen to eighteen. I find that, at forty, I am a relic of an era of which they have only vague notions.

The war and its causes and effects are boring topics as remote as the Battle of Hastings. They don't seem to be included in school curricula.

Surely they should have priority over older, smaller upheavals, since they directly shaped the world in which these youngsters are growing up.—P. A. BOOTH, Stratford-on-Avon.

Model Patient

As a radiographer in a large hospital I thought that nothing any human being could do would surprise me. But when I asked one elderly man to undress and put on the X-ray gown which lay on the chair in the cubicle I was astounded at the vision which emerged. His white moustache jutted ferociously from his scarlet

face—and he was wearing a filmy, lace-edged petticoat with satin straps which had been left behind by a previous occupant.

As his ensemble was completed by red and white striped sock suspenders and polished brown boots it was some time before I was able to explain gently that X-ray gowns aren't usually elegant confections of nylon and lace. — RADIOGRAPHER, Cumberland.

Sunshine Prophet

I hope that JOHN BULL readers are taking their holidays between June 8 and August 20 this year. For most of this period I have predicted really long spells of (at times) hot sunshine. —S. R. GIDDINGS, Coombewood Drive, Thundersley, Essex.

Road Relegations

For two years my husband taught road safety to London schoolchildren. But how futile it all seems when there are so many "get there fast" drivers of the type who say: "Well, I passed my test in the Services, but I doubt whether I could pass one now." Drivers should be tested periodically; more plain-clothes policemen in ordinary cars should be sent out on patrol, and more offenders should be given provisional licences until they have re-passed their driving tests.—MRS. B. M. HARRINGTON, Dukas Court, London, S.E.22.

Weeds Incognito

Pictures on seed packets are always attractive. But seeds sown in the open always germinate together with a selection of weeds, so why not show also a small picture of the plant at

the seedling stage? Then the thousands of new gardeners who start work every season would know what to look for and could free seed beds from weeds without accidentally destroying the flowers in the process. —J. S. ROBINSON, Leeds Road, Bradford 3, Yorkshire.

Fans Transformed

What a paradox the British sports fan is! After shouting and roaring all through the winter he suddenly becomes that polite, hand-clapping type known as the cricket enthusiast. Time wasted during play no longer makes him restless. The *prima donna* entrances and exits of the batsmen leave him unperturbed, and the ritual patting of little tufts of grass never inspires him to bawl: "Get on with it."

That the man with the rattle and rosette who blew his top at the kick of a ball, cursed the referee and shouted "foul" in his sleep, can change so quickly is something that I, as one of the so-called illogical sex, can never understand. — MRS. C. SINGLETON, Ripon Street, Blackburn.

Topsy-turvey Optics

Although the images projected by the eye on its retina are upside-down, the brain corrects them so that we "see" things the right way up. Is this process automatic or do babies see upside-down at first? Perhaps a person who watched a cinema film projected upside-down would experience a reversal if he looked long enough.—DAVID VICKERS, Hill View, Shipton Bellinger, Hampshire.

"Babies appear to see things the right way round from birth," says an optician, "although they find distances confusing. A man recently fitted with spectacles which reversed the image began to 'see' things through them the right way up after about a week—and the world looked upside-down for a time when they were taken off."

Coming To Terms

Why don't all our children get the same chances in infant schools? My daughter Barbara is five in March and starts school in January, 1958, *if* there is enough accommodation. Judith over the road, who is three months older, begins in September and will have the advantage of a vital extra term in which to settle down.

But Duncan, who is less than a month younger than Barbara, doesn't start school until after Easter, 1958. He will have only two years and a term in the infant school.

We hope that our next child will be born in the autumn. September's children, it seems, stand a slightly better chance of getting full marks at eleven-plus. — NOEL HAMILTON, St. Ives Crescent, Sale, Cheshire.

Prompt Imagining

Mrs. M. Roberts's memory for passages in books ("Free Speech," May 4) reminds me of a friend with a strong visual memory. As my partner during a tense scene in our amateur dramatic production he forgot his next speech.

But just before the prompt came I heard him whisper to himself feverishly: "Page twenty-six, two-thirds down. . . ." He stared through me at the imaginary page and immediately carried on with the lines he had just "read."—MRS. S. TUTTY, Jermyn Street, Leicester.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

IT'S as well to take a good look now. For whenever the great day may come, the bride doesn't stand a chance: she'll be so excited she won't even remember how many tiers her cake had. Mere guests, of course, like cover artist Laurent, are too busy fighting for elbow room to notice what they are eating; and absent friends are sent a sliver that has long disintegrated into crumbs. There's much to be said for a plate-glass window: a world of dreams can lie behind it—the sort of dreams that turn out to be less elusive than those wedding cakes.

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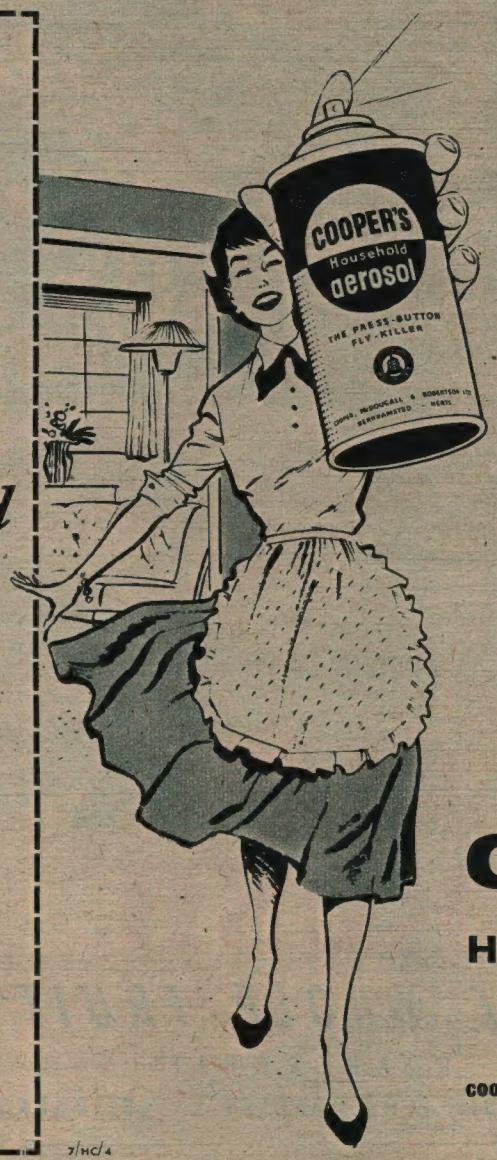

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A brilliant novel of love and hatred: the moving story of a young girl's courage in a savage land

THE UNFORGIVEN

by ALAN LE MAY

DANCING BIRD RIVER was the Zachary family's name for a little run of live water ten miles below the Red, in the unsettled country west of the Wichita. Their house was cut into a slope beside it. Some sketchy pole corrals marked this place as a cattle stand, but the dwelling itself hardly showed.

Its forward walls were built of the same mud and grass roots into which it was dug, and so was its roof, which had a good stand of grass. It was the sort of place that was called a "soddy" in those parts, and it squatted low and lonely, backed like a badger into the hill. Its nearest neighbour was eighteen miles away.

Inside this hole in the ground, late in the afternoon of March 15, 1874, a dark-haired girl of seventeen was getting ready to put supper on. Her name was Rachel Zachary.

Her brothers had saddled before daylight, for the day's work, and had been gone ever since. About mid-afternoon Mama had gone to the bedroom for a nap. The partition was no strung-up horse blanket, such as was common to soddies, but a decently solid turf wall, plastered with home-burnt lime. Once

They were interrupted by Rachel. She couldn't make out their words from her bedroom . . . so, could she sit up with them?

the heavy door had closed, Rachel was alone with the sound of the wind.

She didn't mind that; at least, not for a while. Rachel Zachary was a shy, thin girl, lightly boned and not very big, but with considerable wire built into her by the kind of places in which she had been raised. The Zacharys had shifted ground a good deal, always towards untamed land, but now they had stuck it out in this one remote soddy for going on five years —nearer a third than a quarter of Rachel's life.

This year had begun with high hopes. Just lately, in January, Texas had got hold of its own government at last, for the first time since the war. Now the Rangers would come back, and the Border Battalions, and settlers would get some help in their everlasting defence against the wild tribes. At the same time the beef market at Wichita was winding up to boom again, after a series of collapses that had left the Zacharys about as cattle-poor as they could stand. Now, with any luck, they were going to be rich—soon, this year, this very summer.

Ben Zachary, the oldest brother and head of the family now that Papa was dead, had ridden away a month ago to look for trail hands; he would fetch home at least twenty men—thirty, if he could find them. Once he got back there would be a great swarming of men and horses as they made up their first huge herd of the year for the drive to Wichita. Nobody else could end this deadly, dragging time of waiting, while winter held on and on, as if spring were never coming back to the world again.

Ben was twenty-four. Certainly he could take care of himself, if anybody could; yet sometimes Rachel's throat hurt as she thought of never seeing him again—for this could happen out here, as had been proved when Papa was lost in a cattle crossing.

She knocked the ash off the wood-coals in the fireplace and sat on the three-legged skillet they called a spider. Then she looked at the clock on the mantle beam. It said exactly eleven minutes to four. She remembered that hour for all the rest of her life.

It was still too early to start cooking anything. She set the spider off the coals, and went to one of their two real windows. These were their special pride, for they had eighteen panes of real glass apiece. They looked south across the Dancing Bird, so Rachel had to lean her temple against a cold pane to look eastward, past the corrals and downstream. She was hoping, for the thousandth time, to sight a distant disturbance that would be Ben, at the head of his men.

Maybe he's remembered to fetch me some pretty anything-he-could-get. To make just one nice dress.

He wasn't coming, of course. So now Rachel went to their north lookout to see if her other two brothers, Cash and Andy, were riding in.

The lookout was no more than a tiny paned tunnel through the sod wall. It was set high, and she had to stand on a box to see out. This brought her eyes only a few inches above the ground at the back. Yet this worm's-eye view commanded a surprising reach of prairie, for the land fell away behind the soddy, to rise again in swells and gentle ridges rolling northward to the end of sight.

Nothing was to be seen out there now. The land lay lightless and without colour. Out of those dead spaces her brothers would presently come jogging. But she could not see them yet.

Then, just as she turned away from the lookout, something out there changed, and she looked again without knowing what she had seen. The first ridge was scarcely a furlong off, and the crest was burned off to deprive enemies of cover commanding the house. On the burn had appeared a dark, narrow object, about three feet high.

Now the thing moved, and the mystery cleared. She had been looking at the upper half of a man whose horse was hidden by the swell of ground.

The oddly behaving visitor now pushed on to the crest of the burn and stopped again. Even at an eighth of a mile Rachel could judge that there stood about the sorriest horse she had ever seen in her life; and somehow she knew the rider was old, too, and as poorly as his horse. She supposed he would ride on in when he had looked them over, and usually she would have welcomed any such diversion. But this time she felt an unaccountable dread, almost a horror, of his coming nearer.

He came no nearer. She watched him as long as he was there, yet somehow she never saw him leave. He was there, and then he was gone.

She whipped on a coat, meaning to saddle and ride that ridge. She must see what the fellow was up to, for his actions had no reason unless he meant them harm. At the door she took the Sharp & Hankins carbine from its pegs, and clashed open its sliding barrel, to load. Then she stopped, knowing that she could not go out there. A nameless fear held her powerless to leave the house.

She heard her mother moving about in their bedroom. Soundlessly she eased the sliding barrel back into its seat and returned the Sharp & Hankins to its pegs.

She was building up the fire as Matthilda Zachary appeared. "Did I hear a sound?" Matthilda asked. "Thought I heard you breech the Sharp and Hankins."

"There's something spooky going on out there. Back of the north ridge." Rachel saw she had her mother's startled attention. "Some old long-hair—he's been watching us; sitting the dreadfullest old horse, out on the burn."

"Poor old man," Mama said.

"What?" Rachel had not conveyed one speck, evidently, of her lonely dread.

"Some old hunter, doubtless. Been alone so long, he was likely too shy to come in. What a shame! We'd have fed him so gladly."

"Yes," Rachel said. "And filled the house with smells and fleas."

"Rachel! I won't have you speaking so unkindly."

Rachel said; "Well, I think he's harmful to us," and was disturbed to hear a tremor in her own voice.

"Touch of cabin fever," her mother said gently. Cabin fever was their name for the sensitive, weepy mood that sometimes came on prairie women in the weeks while spring held off.

Rachel bided her time in a sulk, confident of getting more of a reaction out of her brothers. They jogged in pretty late, and took a while shovelling corn to a dozen horses that had wandered in. Matthilda lighted candles and Rachel closed the heavy shutters, as they must always do when they made a light inside.

Cassius Zachary, whom they called Cash, was twenty-one, slim and black-haired. Ben often said Cash had most of the brains in the family, and maybe he did. He even spoke the weird Kiowa tongue with every show of confidence, though it had seventy-four vowels, besides a lot of clicks and nasals. Of course Ben spoke it, too, but only because he had laboured over it. Not Cash. He had heard it, hadn't he? So he knew it.

Andy, the youngest boy, was not yet sixteen, but he was already tall and moved well, so that he seemed older. As children he and Rachel had stood together against a world of adults, consoling each other when wronged and left out of things. But lately he was getting away from her; he could ride horses she could not ride, and go where she could not go.

Her brothers failed Rachel as badly as her mother had. Cash splashed and spluttered all the way through her story about the old man. "I don't know what's got into this soap," he said when she slowed up. "Bites like a black-foot weasel."

Rachel's eyes went wide and fixed. The knife

Rachel could have killed him. "Cash! Did you, by any chance, hear one word I said?"

"Oh, sure. Sounds like some old peckerwood needs a horse."

Andy let her down worst of all. "Don't you know what that was you saw? That"—he made it weighty—"was the Ghost of the Bandit."

This sober idiocy left Rachel speechless, so Cash took it up. "Ghost? In all this wind? He'd blow away."

"What about that skeleton in Spanish armour down on Devil's River? *He* don't blow away."

Cash pretended uncertainty. "Well—no; but . . . you take all that ironware he's got up in."

Most of the feel of danger had left since the men came in. But they had spoiled Rachel's

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

in her hand was poised, its edge upward, as she moved swiftly towards Georgia. Then, from the bedroom door, Matthilda screamed: "Rachel!"

story, and she was hurt. She drew into herself and shut up.

Next evening, as twilight closed off another dark, windy day, she felt haunted for a while, and stole glances at the north ridge to see if the sinister figure would reappear. Nothing happened, though, for two days more.

Then, at the end of the third day, the stranger came again.

MATTHILDA saw him first. Rachel was in the root cellar, a sort of pit they had dug into the hill behind. Fumbling down there in the dark, Rachel had filled her apron with potatoes when she heard her mother gasp. Immediately a chair clattered over, and Rachel bumped her head as she came scrambling out.

Matthilda had been sitting with her sewing basket, but now she stood staring out of the window, so motionless she looked rigid. Rachel cried out: "Mama!" and the potatoes bumped across the floor.

Just outside sat the strange-looking rider Rachel had seen on the ridge. The startling thing was how close he was, leaning low from his saddle to peer in. She saw a straggle of beard, some stringy long hair flying loose from under a pulpy wool hat, and an Indian-trade kind of rifle too long for a saddle boot.

And the horse—how could so old a horse be living? Not a muscle stirred in horse or man, yet the wind made a flicker of movement all over them—a small flying of lank hair and wispy mane.

What little light the sky had left was behind the horseman, so that he sat in a darkness of his own, a man without a face. And yet, even in that first moment of shock—was there something familiar about him? This frightened instant had a feeling of being relived.

"Pull back," Rachel whispered. "Come away, Mama." She drew her mother out of line, then whisked to the door, and the Sharp & Hankins came off its nails into her hands. She lifted the heavy bar from its slot, and the door creaked wide.

"Rachel! Don't go out there."

But Rachel was only standing on the stoop, looking stupid as she stared up-creek and down. No one was in sight.

"He—he's around the corner of the house," Matthilda whispered. "You come in here. Rachel, please. . . ."

That breathy, frightened note had not come into her mother's voice since Rachel could remember. She hesitated, listening for a sound of hoofs, but the great organ-toned wail of the wind through the cotton woods scoured away all other sounds. Strands of hair whipped across her face, stinging her eyes. Suddenly Rachel

Continued on page 27

RUNNING IN (2) by CHRIS CHATAWAY

A hundred yards to Olympic glory—and I stumble

A gold medal! To win this was the thing that mattered most to me in the world. And now it seemed as though I might do it: I was leading the field. . . . Then I sprawled on the track

BEFORE I went to Oxford I thought that athletics would claim a large proportion of my time and attention. At last I would be among enthusiasts. There would be a track, on which I could train as often as I liked.

The two outstanding distance runners at the university were Jim Scott-Wilson and Philip Morgan. They had both been up for three years. I had followed their activities through the sports pages of the press, and when I arrived I was most anxious to test my abilities against theirs. I thought that I should be able to keep up with them, but I imagined that they were very experienced, trained hard and might prove extremely formidable.

About my third day I met Jim Scott-Wilson. He was, I had discovered, on the committee of the college and a very senior and respected figure. He was a surprise to me. With a rather haggard pale complexion and sleepless eyes, he did not look the outdoor type I had expected. He had a flute and some music sheets under his arm.

"We are very glad to have you in the athletics club," he said. "You seem to have run well in the army. I know that Philip Morgan would like to meet you. Come to the pub over the road. He's generally there about this time."

Philip was soon discovered, surrounded by empty glasses and a large group of friends. He was talking at a great rate. During a lull in

The Chataway tragedy in the 1952 Olympics at Helsinki. . . . He stumbles, falls, and Zatopek, Mimoun and Schade sweep on to the finish

the conversation I mentioned that I would very much like to do some training with him.

Philip looked shocked. "I can't possibly do any running this week as I've got two parties every night. In any case, I haven't taken a step of exercise for months."

By the end of my first term I was beginning to realize that the cardinal sin at Oxford was to confess enthusiasm for anything. Those who got first-class degrees apparently never did any work. Those who excelled in athletics never admitted to doing any training.

Throughout most of that first term, I felt quite lost. Nearly everybody seemed to be rich, sophisticated or brilliant.

One rich man who intrigued me was a Greek-Egyptian called Nicky. He was always in a fast car, or giving a large party, or going over to Paris for a few days. He and I went together once a week to an extremely erudite but rather frightening middle-aged lady tutor. He preferred not to walk or go by bus to her college, but to hire a boat and punt down the river. One day he appeared at the river looking pale and sleepless.

"Again I have no time to write an essay," he announced. "Last week she says once more, and I must be reported to the college authorities."

However, he had with him an enormous bunch of flowers. On arrival he swept into the lady tutor's room, and, with a flashing smile, said: "Madame, for your wisdom, beauty and learning I bring these."

The lady was so overcome with gratitude and embarrassment that when the question of the essay was raised, she could manage no more than a reproving giggle.

After one of his parties, Nicky found himself locked out of college. The rule is that all undergraduates must be in by midnight, and the fine for being late is £5. The alternative to paying it is to climb over the wall. At Magdalen this involves an uncomfortable shin up a lamp post on the outside, but there is an easy descent on the inside by means of a ladder which happens to be there.

On this occasion one of the rungs was missing and Nicky fell and hurt himself. Full of righteous indignation he went to the dean and complained about the rung. Such was his charm that the outcome was not a fine, but a new rung for the ladder.

In the end, Nicky was "sent down." He liked the good things of life too much ever to concentrate on his studies.

I FOUND that work at Oxford was rather different from work at school. My tutor in economics looked at one of my weekly essays and said: "You tell me here what half a dozen well-known economists think about the British depression in the thirties. But what do *you* think?"

It had not occurred to me to think anything. Up to then, I had considered it quite adequate just to learn what was in the book.

Intrigued by people like Nicky, and impressed —quite disproportionately—by most of those whom I met at Oxford, I discovered a whole new range of interests. I went to literary discussions, to political meetings, to talks by strange people on weird subjects. I joined clubs of every description.

In the first breath of Oxford I wanted to know all about everything. Often I felt hopelessly ignorant and inexperienced. On occasions I was convinced that I ought to be earning a living in a sensible job, instead of fooling around in a haphazard way. Previously I had been completely sure of myself. At school or in the army I had felt master of nearly every situation. Now I was not nearly so self-confident.

Roger Bannister was still at Oxford, engaged in a year's research. Like Jim Scott-Wilson and Philip Morgan, he gave the impression of seldom doing any training. He took no part in the activities of the athletics club because he had completed the four years which are the maximum period one may compete for the university. He was by now very much the uncrowned king of Oxford. He knew everybody of importance and was in all the activities that mattered.

I met him only rarely. One occasion was at the end of the spring term.

"Really," he said, "I shouldn't do any running, if I were you, in the vacation. I like to forget all about it then, and perhaps get off to the Continent for a bit. Actually I am going to America in a couple of weeks for some meeting or other. I like America and it will be fun to go. But I don't seem to have been able to do any training."

I did not at the time believe those who said that Roger was to be seen running every night around a field near his digs. When, a fortnight later, he won the much-publicized "Mile of the Century" in Philadelphia I told all my friends that really he had done it without any preparation at all.

As a result of this atmosphere I rapidly dropped my earnest approach to sport. All the same, at times I took my running seriously and trained conscientiously. I was improving fast. Without a great deal of regular effort I found that my times got better month by month. I won all the university races for which I entered.

But I soon learned with a shock that success in big athletics was not so easily achieved as a casual acquaintance with Roger Bannister and others had suggested.

At a cocktail party during my first summer at the university, one of the guests said to me: "Don't you think that after a good party such as this you could run much faster than at ordinary times?"

At that particular moment I certainly felt as if I could do anything. I agreed to go then and there to the Iffley Road track and see how fast I could run a half-mile.

The result was a dismal failure. As the cold air swept into my body and the alcoholic fumes swept out of it, I felt no longer as if I was bursting with life and energy. The time was a slow one.

This incident happened in one of those carefree summer weeks that only Oxford—and perhaps Cambridge—can provide. At the end of the week I had my first encounter with Gaston Reiff, of Belgium, and Alain Mimoun, of France, then two of the leading distance runners in the world.

The race was at the Jean Bouin Stadium in Paris. It was my first five thousand metre race. After seven of the twelve and a half laps I could keep up with them no longer.

With dragging feet and leaden thighs I watched them pull farther away from me, until at the finish they were a clear two hundred yards ahead.

I flew back to England and to Oxford that night in a chastened frame of mind. It was the first time for two years that I had lost a race. I realized then that sacrifices had to be made for all the excitement of international athletics, for the opportunities of travelling, for the pleasure it gave.

For the Amateur Athletic Association championships in July, 1951, I trained hard. It was my first attempt at a national title and my first three-mile race. I determined to trail the field until the last lap, when I would make my effort.

With two hundred yards to go I burst into the lead, feeling the same sense of elation and power that I had done in winning a race at the White City a month or two before. But on this occasion victory was snatched from me.

Walter Beckett, from Hythe, suddenly appeared beside me in the last twenty yards, drew level—and before I could respond had

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Chataway and Roger Bannister flew to Helsinki in a "horrifying" plane with gaps in its side

Nick Stacey, who also ran at Helsinki, is now a clergyman. He decided to become a priest after seeing the devastation of atom-bombed Hiroshima

Sir Charles Peake (centre) attended a memorable dinner for athletes. In Greece, streets are named after his wife for her help in earthquake relief

Money in the bank

by ***THURMAN WARRINER***

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

Thirty thousand pounds! And what's more, George and Jess knew just what to do with it. He'd had it all worked out for years

"... And a little book for Maureen," said Mr. Prossor. She gave him a shy smile and put her arms round his neck

GEORGE STREETER took the call in the manager's office. Mr. Truman was watching and listening, though he pretended to have his eyes fixed on the sales floor, where another assistant was now trying to sell the bedroom suite which George had been eulogizing when his wife rang up.

Mr. Truman said mildly, when George put down the receiver: "As you know, we don't encourage private calls, but your wife said it was urgent. No trouble, I hope?"

"Trouble?" said George Streeter. "No. I've just won thirty thousand pounds."

"Oh dear!" Mr. Truman said.

George sat down. Mr. Truman said: "Oh dear!" again, then rubbed his chin, breathed on his glasses, and opened a small cupboard beside his desk. He took out a bottle, carefully poured two half-glasses, waited a decent interval till George was capable of drinking, and then said: "Well, cheers!"

"Happy days!" said George.

"I don't have to wish you *that*," Mr. Truman told him mournfully. "Money is said to be a great evil, but we have to take the experts' word for it. Few of us can say from personal experience." He gave George a cigarette. "I realize it's early yet to ask, but will you be leaving us?"

"No," George said. "I know just what I'm going to do. I've had it worked out for years. . . ."

George went home by bus at the usual time. He lived in a terrace house with four square yards of sooty garden in front and ten square yards behind. He opened the door and sniffed. Being a careful man, he ate midday sandwiches at a milk-bar and had a late meal on returning home. The sniff, an habitual one, told him it was ready.

Jess was standing just inside the sitting-room. Like George, she was in the middle thirties, though the rich red of her teens had turned rusty grey. Her pleasant face was curiously flat and expressionless.

"I thought you'd have come home early," she said.

"Why?"

"Well, it isn't every day——"

"No," said George, "it isn't, but I've had everything worked out for years. What's to eat?"

He munched for twenty minutes, staring at the tablecloth. Then he got up and looked at himself in the mirror. He was a pale, slight man, and he seemed to have left his youth a long way behind. He stooped a little, and he was a bit short-sighted. He was the sort of man nature turns out by the million.

But he wasn't like the other nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand-odd any more. He was worth £30,000.

He realized it now for the first time. He whirled round and grabbed Jess's shoulders. "It's true?" he said hoarsely.

Jess nodded. She was crying. George dropped into a chair. "I've known ever since Saturday

"A big hole in all that money," said Jess, "will still leave a nice bit round the edges"

night there'd be a bit," he said. "But thirty thousand. . . ."

The door opened and Maureen slipped in. They had decided to tell her nothing yet. There was no point: she'd be too young to understand. Maureen was six years old, too pale, perhaps a little too thin. Now, George thought, they'd be able to get *out*. Some place with a nice garden. That would be good for the girl.

"You've not said anything to Mr. Prossor?"

Jess shook her head.

"Don't. He'll find out soon enough. We'll see to things tomorrow. I'm taking the day off. I told Truman I wouldn't be in."

George was staring at the tablecloth again. For years he'd stared at it when he'd been filling in his coupons. He'd said to himself defensively: *Well, somebody's got to get it, haven't they?* He'd planned that they'd have a nice house, a nice little car.

He began making notes with shaking fingers. After a while, Jess asked him what was wrong.

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing much. But you'd be surprised what a big hole it makes."

"A big hole what makes?"

"All the things we've talked about."

"You can make a big hole in all that money," Jess said, "and it will still leave a nice bit round the edges."

"We'll have a word with Tenter first. The bank manager. He'll advise us what to do."

"There are one or two things I would like, George. I'd like a perm, and I'd like to . . . do something about my face."

"What?" asked George.

Jess started to reply but didn't go on. It was funny, she thought, how quickly a man forgot what he married you for. . . .

It was after nine o'clock when Mr. Prossor came in. He ate with them and slept in the top attic. It helped, and his pension just covered it. Mr. Prossor had been a shipping clerk, but that was a long time ago.

He was wearing his old, greenish coat, and carried two books. He must have borrowed half the books in the public library by now.

"It's a nice evening," Mr. Prossor said. "You can feel spring in the wind." His bushy grey moustache and eyebrows seemed to merge into a walrus-like mask as he smiled. It was a smile for Maureen, and she responded quickly to it. She ran across the room and pressed against Mr. Prossor's coat and he smoothed her hair.

George Streeter watched uncertainly. Then he glanced at the books Mr. Prossor had brought: *Travels In Tibet* and *Moral Consequences Of Economic Theory*. He didn't understand old Prossor, and he wasn't sure that he liked Maureen being so fond of him. That was another good reason for getting away.

George and Jess went out next morning as soon as Maureen left for school. By now George was fully alive to his good luck. He was a man with £30,000 in his pocket. In fact, if it hadn't been for an odd twinge of doubt at the back of his mind, like an unscratchable itch, he could have thought it was the happiest day of his life.

THEY went to the bank first and George arranged for the manager to call on them that evening to discuss the question of investment. Their next call was at Rustington and Bramleys, the estate agents.

"It's about a house," George said brusquely. For years he had imagined himself saying that to an estate agent one day.

"Ah, yes!" Mr. Rustington gave George a keen glance. "A moderately priced semi, perhaps? I've several on the list, sir. Good mortgages can remain on most of them, of course. Now——"

"I'm not interested in mortgages," George said. "If you've any doubts on that point, give Mr. Tenter at the Urban Bank a ring."

"Ah, Mr. Tenter!" Mr. Rustington's glance was not so keen now. It was appreciative, understanding. "I see I'm talking to a man after my own heart. Who wants a monkey on the roof for twenty years, eh?"

George and Jess, talking things over the night before, had agreed that two thousand was a reasonable sum. Certainly not more than two-five. George told Mr. Rustington that now.

"And it's got to be in a decent district," he stipulated.

"Moor Edge, perhaps? Or Westwood? We've some nice places at Canby Woods, too—a trifle on the large side, perhaps. We've also got a *most* desirable country property—paddock, orchard, well-stocked garden."

"I don't want to be too far out," George said.

A quarter of an hour later Mr. Rustington marched smartly up the gravel drive of the Westwood house and opened the front door. "Couldn't have anything much more compact than this," he said. "Lounge commanding spacious views, commodious dining-room, well-fitted little kitchen. . . ."

Their footsteps rang hollow in the empty rooms.

"I don't like the way it faces north," Jess said.

"Useful place for coals, outdoor toilet supplementing the one upstairs adjacent to the bathroom," intoned Mr. Rustington. He opened and closed the back door as if anxious to prove that it worked.

"North winds," said Jess, "are treacherous."

"Half-landing—the bathroom through to the

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Arthur Askey, Sabrina and Anthea Askey. Many girls want Sabrina's old job in his show. "But there'll never be another Sabrina," says Askey

The stunning success of Old Sieve Bonce

by DON EVERITT

They call Sabrina a symbol of our age. Fame and fortune came to her because she is the dumbest blonde of them all

Joe Matthews, a Lambeth photographer, calls himself Sabrina's "personal and publicity manager." He says: "Above all else she loves to spend an afternoon being photographed"

OVER lunch at a London restaurant, Sabrina, the variety artist, decided to see a horror film, *The Curse Of Frankenstein*, that afternoon. As she finished her meal, a happy-faced man in a suit flecked with emerald green and padded square at the shoulders lolloped into the restaurant and went straight to her table.

She wanted to tell him about the film, but he proudly thrust a North London weekly newspaper into her hands. A headline announced that Sabrina would shortly open a new shop. She read the report keenly. Suddenly something angered her. "What's this, Joe?" she snapped. "They can't say things like this about me and get away with it." She pointed to the words "pulchritudinous blonde."

The man smiled indulgently. "They just mean that you're beautiful, honey," he said.

"Oh, I see." She put down the paper. "Joe, I'm going to see that Frankenstein film this afternoon." The man shook his head, and said with a pained expression: "What about your singing lesson?"

She tried to talk herself out of the lesson, but he insisted that she had to keep the appointment. "You can see Frankenstein when it gets to a suburban cinema, then we can get some local publicity. Come on now, or we'll be late." She followed him dutifully out of the restaurant.

Most people know that Norma Sykes, alias Sabrina, achieved fame as a pulchritudinous dumb blonde who flaunted her bosomy figure before the television cameras in a B.B.C. series starring Arthur Askey. A fact not generally known is that she owes her continued fame and achievements largely to the wiles of a Lambeth photographer named Joe Matthews.

Matthews describes himself as Sabrina's "personal and publicity manager." In fact, his influence dominates both her working and her private life. He vets all the invitations she receives. Almost wherever she goes, with or without a male escort, he chaperones her. He advises her on business deals and publicity. He tells her how to behave with important visitors, whether to be coy, gay, off-hand, angry or any one of a dozen other stock attitudes.

When a clergyman asked Sabrina to read the lesson at his church, Matthews turned down the invitation on the ground that "religion, politics and show business don't mix." At his direction Sabrina removed the numbers from the telephones in her Bayswater flat.

A while back, Anthea Askey wanted to invite Sabrina to her first wedding anniversary party. Her husband, Bill Stewart, asked Matthews for Sabrina's telephone number. Matthews hedged, and asked what he wanted it for. Stewart said the matter was entirely personal. "Well, I'm seeing Sabrina in a minute or two, so I can pass on a message," said Matthews. Stewart explained about the anniversary party. "Fine," said Matthews. "We are free that night. We'll be there." And they were.

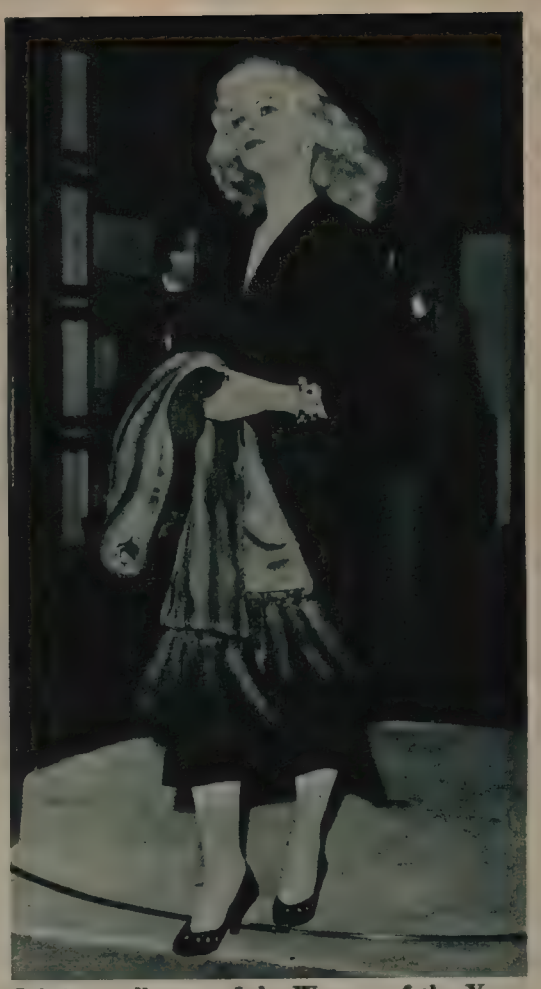
Matthews tries to stave off journalists and others who want to see Sabrina alone with the excuse that she is forgetful and, where males are concerned, suspicious of their motives. Matthews is suspicious of their motives, too. He has lost count of the number of men, especially journalists, who have, as he puts it, "tried to take over Sabrina." He says: "The trouble with Sabby is that she will take advice from anyone. She takes it as a good turn and she hates to seem ungrateful."

Matthews claims that he has no financial interest in Sabrina. "I draw my expenses, of course, but the only way I make money out of her is by demanding exclusive photographic rights where possible." Nevertheless, Matthews does handle her money, has the power to spend it, and keeps a tight check on her expenditure. He says that she currently earns "something less than £500 a week." When she wanted an American Ford Thunderbird car, he bought, without asking her, a British Ford Zephyr at half the price. Almost daily, Matthews buys her groceries and does her general shopping. "I'm the chauffeur, errand boy and general factotum," he says. "If I took this life seriously, I'd go nuts. I'm in it for laughs. I like freaks and characters."

The people who know Sabrina all confirm that "she does need Joe." For vagueness, naïveté and unpunctuality she has an unrivalled reputation in show business. She once kept an entire film unit waiting for an hour and then explained that she had been having her picture taken. On the first day of British summer time, the staff of a B.B.C. show wagered that she would be an hour late. She was.

Maestro Mario, her first singing teacher, says: "I could teach anyone to sing, but never Sabrina. Always she arrived two hours late for

Singing tutor Anne Stephany made Sabrina tone-conscious. "When I saw her at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London, I was very proud of what I had achieved," she says



Sabrina walks out of the Woman of the Year luncheon in London. The walk-out was one of the publicity stunts engineered by Matthews

lessons. Then she played with her hair or the tassels on her belt. She did not know the difference between a word and a syllable." She refused a bouquet before a crowd at an exhibition in North London because "I already have too many flowers at home."

Anthea Askey, one of Sabrina's friends in London, calls her "Old Sieve Bonce Sykes" and "Madame Vague." She says: "I like Sabby because she is so unlike everyone else in show business. She is the complete dumb blonde."

The people who have worked with Sabrina admire her determination to become a star. Dennis Main Wilson, the B.B.C. producer, says: "She is not of the brightest, but she means well and tries very, very hard."

On one occasion, Sabrina, aided by Vanessa Lee and Anthea Askey, practised for two hours to say correctly a line ending with the words "demonstrate my histrionic prowess." At the recording session she still mispronounced the words, and Wilson subsequently had to call her to an editing session to record certain syllables separately.

The estimates of Sabrina's present ability as a performer range from the coarse through the caustic to the cautious. Sabrina once admitted that she could not sing, dance or act. "She still can't," says a television executive. Robert Nesbitt, who devised and produced her present show, is kinder. "She has as much to offer as Monroe, or any other over-developed star."

B.B.C. producer Richard Afton reckons that Sabrina has won fame because "she is a symbol of a sex-conscious age." Bernard Delfont, the impresario, says: "She's ambitious. If she fulfils her promise, I would say she will become quite a talented light comedy actress."

Sabrina agrees that publicity alone turned her into a national figure and that her reputation still rests largely on the attention she secures in the nation's newspapers and magazines. She has developed a thoroughly commercial attitude towards her figure. She calls it her stock-in-trade. She does not object to jokes about it on the stage "when I'm getting the laughs," but she does object vehemently to "people who take the mickey off-stage." She confesses that some scriptwriters go too far. Matthews says that some gags in her show still embarrass her so much that she turns away from the audience.

Sabrina's mother says that her daughter was always a big, strong girl with never a thought as a child of going on the stage. She was born in Stockport on May 19, 1936, and christened Norma Ann Sykes, a name she would now like to forget.

In 1947, when Norma was eleven, the Sykeses moved to Blackpool, where they opened a theatrical boarding house. Just after her twelfth birthday, Norma fell ill with poliomyelitis. During the nine months of her convalescence, she contracted osteomyelitis in the tibia of her right leg. This put her in and out of hospital for the next three years. She had six operations on her leg.

At sixteen, now fully recovered, Norma went alone to Bournemouth for a holiday. Two weeks later, her mother received a letter from a King's Cross, London, snack bar proprietress to say that Norma had started working for her. Mrs. Sykes boarded the next train to London and found her daughter stubbornly intent on taking up modelling.

Norma continued to work at the snack bar, and ultimately secured a long-term commission to pose in the nude for a photographer for fifteen shillings a session. She posed at only one session and decided that she did not like the work. Since she has become a celebrity, the photographs taken at that session have been sold widely, much to her annoyance.

FOR much of her eighteenth year, Sabrina earned a living in Blackpool and London by making costume jewellery, a craft she had learned during her illness. Shortly after her eighteenth birthday, a London agent, Bill Watts, took her on his books.

A few weeks later, Watts had a request from Arthur Askey and Bill Ward, then a B.B.C. producer, for a girl to fill a dumb blonde rôle in a new television series. Watts sent six girls, including Miss Sykes. Askey says: "She was gauche and badly dressed in slacks and a sweater. But when we put the girls in front of a camera she won the part easily."

Before the show Askey and the producer purposely created a mystery about the part the girl would play, and this brought her considerable publicity. They then fanned the interest in her (and in the show) by giving her a completely dumb rôle.

After the Askey series Sabrina and Watts capitalized on her popularity as fast as they could. She made dozens of personal appearances, opening shops and fêtes and performing similar functions at up to £100 a time.

Her strictly limited ability on the stage made it difficult to place her in variety and, accordingly, Watts sent her for lessons in elocution, deportment and singing. Soon afterwards she went on tour in a variety show. She topped the bill. The show flopped.

Early in 1956, Bill Watts ended his contract with her. When Joe Matthews arrived on the scene, he was conducting—and still does—a business as a photographer for the press and for show business.

On several occasions, when he met Sabrina, he told her that she needed a personal manager. Matthews virtually appointed himself. While Sabrina had no theatrical agent, he cut her expenditure, limited her personal appearances to a maximum of one a week, increased her fees and insisted on "the red carpet coming out wherever she went." Sabrina later signed up with another theatrical agent, but Matthews remained her personal adviser. At timely intervals he engineered varied publicity stunts, including the Steve Cochran romance and her walk-out at the Women of the Year luncheon at the Savoy Hotel, London.

Matthews also arranged lessons for her with a North London singing tutor, Anne Stephany. Mrs. Stephany, accepting what she calls "the challenge of Sabby's so-called lack of talent," discovered that her pupil was tone-deaf. "She sang too loud and completely lost track of any melody. I made her sing softly and huskily, and I found that in this way she became tone-conscious and could hear her voice."

Her advisers' efforts on Sabrina's behalf have certainly paid off. She has starred in a summer show at Blackpool, has been booked for a Royal Command Variety Performance (which was cancelled because of the Suez crisis) and is now starring at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London, in a show likely to run for a year. Matthews proudly claims that "Sabby is at the top and she's going to stay there."

In her more reflective moments, Sabby herself just can't understand it all. "There are plenty of girls in show business with better, even bigger, figures than I have, better looks, more talent and more experience. I can't understand how I got where I am."

Her mother says Sabrina has no interest in men. Matthews says: "Sabrina loves only one person—Sabrina. Besides, whom could she marry? She's very choosy. She won't go out with a man who isn't taller than she is." THE END

Learning, to Sergeant Pangae, was power. It meant he could know about people—even if he didn't see them

INVISIBLE THIEF

by **OLAF RUHEN**

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

SERGEANT PANGAE squatted on the ground, inspecting his rugged features in a large trade mirror, switching his head from one side to the other to find the best effect. Belted round his waist was a length of once-white calico, stained but clean, and above this he wore a gleaming white singlet and an old and battered hat, twined round and round with a length of climbing corallita, its bright pink flowers contrasting curiously with the stained grey hat and the teak-dark face beneath it.

Apparently satisfied, he returned the mirror to the large and bulging canvas bag that hung by his hip from a length of shoulder webbing, stood up, straightened his shoulders and marched across the lawn, up the steps, along the wide veranda and into the office of Ramage, the district officer. Here he came to an impeccable halt, gave a Guards salute; as befitted a prominent member of the New Guinea Police Force, and reported.

"Sergeant Pangae, plain clothes, waiting for orders, sir," he said.

Ramage, sitting precisely behind a tidy desk, looked up. There was the ghost of a smile behind his eyes—Sergeant Pangae on plain-clothes duty was as predictable as Sergeant Pangae in uniform—same calico always, same singlet, same old battered felt hat wreathed, it always seemed, with the same pink flowers. But he was the best man Ramage had on the station, and this was a special job.

"You know this place Naramai?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Pangae.

It had been practically a rhetorical question. Pangae was old in the district and knew every place, though Naramai was remote—a small station in a fertile valley deep in the mountains. There was a patrol officer there, presiding over a small post office, savings bank and district office. The Methodist mission had an establishment nearby, and a trader named Riley kept a small store and a bakery. The natives lived by hunting and by their gardens. They did a small trade in copra, but most of their money came from the wages brought home by the young men who sometimes worked a year or two on the plantations near Rabaul or the mines at Bulolo.

The district office at Naramai also served the contiguous villages, Kumbilip and Kwaragi and Lauolo, and half a dozen more in the valley, each removed from the others by forest tracks.

"I've had a letter from Mr. Goodland, the missionary," Ramage said. "He is worried because the savings of the people are disappearing. They never have much money to spend, but a lot of what there was has vanished. They've taken a good deal of money from the bank, and they haven't spent it at the mission or the trading post. I don't know whether we can do anything about it."

He picked up the missionary's letter and read it again. "There's about six hundred pounds at least not accounted for, Mr. Goodland says. That's a lot for that district. Well, there's no harm in them taking money out of the bank and spending it if they want to, but I'd like to know where it is going. I want you to find out, Pangae."

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant Pangae.

"There's just a chance that some flash boy is getting money from the others on some excuse or other. If so, you can make an arrest. There may not be anything like that at all. Mr. Goodland may be making a mistake. All I want you to do is find out if they are spending money, and what on.

"Now the patrol officer, Mr. Curledge, tells me the withdrawals from the bank at Naramai have been fairly heavy since he has been there, but they have all been small amounts, nothing to worry about. But I do know, from the remittances I have sent him, that the spending rate in the district has gone up far above average. Anyway, go up there and find out. Take a month—six weeks if you need it—it'll take you four days to get there."

"Yes, sir," said Pangae.

In four days he was in the Naramai district, and his disguise preserved his anonymity for exactly five minutes. He was at the junction of the track just beyond Kwaragi where it forks to Naramai in the east and Kumbilip in the north-east when a once-familiar voice hailed him.

"Where do you go, old enemy?" it said. "What brings you here to Kwaragi?"

Pangae stopped and considered, waiting while the man walked up to him. He was not greatly disturbed at the penetration of his disguise—its main value in his eyes was that it put him on a par with police of an advanced category in other lands. But he did not particularly want to meet Kasimus, of Kumbilip.

In the big war Kasimus had been an enemy indeed. He worked for Japan—in fact, he held high non-commissioned rank in the *Kempei-Tai*—and Pangae vividly remembered his own last assignment, which was to seek out Kasimus in the Japanese camp at Yessan on the Sepik and shoot him at the first opportunity.

It had taken Pangae six weeks to get to Yessan. He arrived there to find that the camp was occupied by Allied officers and the war was over. As a matter of form, he tried, nevertheless, to shoot Kasimus, taking careful aim in the main street of the mile-long crowded village; and he was indignant when he was disarmed.

As a result of this there remained a peculiar relationship between Pangae and Kasimus. They were not friends, they were no longer enemies, and each had a respect for the other.

Pangae had no particular wish to spend much of his time with Kasimus. Nevertheless, any contact would be useful, he knew; and he also had a suspicion, based on prejudice, that if there happened to be any roguery rampant in the district, Kasimus was as likely as anyone else to be at the bottom of it. So, when Kasimus approached, he answered the greeting in a way that put himself at the other's disposal.

"I'm going walkabout, Kasimus," he said. "*Limlimbur*"—which meant: *I'm free as the air, having a holiday, and doing what I feel like doing.*

"Will you come to Kumbilip, then?" asked Kasimus.

"I might as well. Later I will go to Naramai."

"You are still a policeman? Do you still like the work?"

"I am still with the police. But I am getting old, and sometimes I long to go home to my village," Pangae said untruthfully.

"We all grow old," said Kasimus.

They walked along the forest paths together, through the dappled light, talking as men talk of little things of little moment.

KUMBILIP was a mountain village. The houses—about fifty of them—were clustered close against a road that split the village in two, and in the middle of this road was a flat space for dancing. Here the village celebrated. Here the old men sat at night, sharing their betel nut and their tobacco and their conversation. And here they clustered round Pangae, talking and listening and forming their judgments.

Pangae talked a great deal, as was polite for the stranger, the news-bringer, but he talked nothing of importance to himself for the first three nights. During the days he made friends, sitting about the huts, once or twice going hunting with the men. He looked for new wealth—for an abundance of steel or cloth or ornaments—but he could see little that had not obviously been in the village for many months.

He was waiting for the right time to lead the conversation to certain topics, and on the fourth evening his chance came, for a youth named Didsira had been to Naramai and come back with news.

"There is to be a landing field for aircraft in Naramai," he said. "All the people are to work one day each week and build an airfield."

Kasimus nodded. "That was sure to come," he said. "And some day there will be a road

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"The voice is the voice of my father, truly," Sergeant Pangae replied. "But I cannot give money to a voice. A voice has no hands"

It's all done with tubes

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

Walter Hackett "wraps holes in metal" to safeguard your health, build cars and aircraft, and even to protect a sick monkey's tail

The Mayfly, built by Hackett and Jack Seddon, was the first steel aeroplane. It failed to fly, but

A THICK-SET man with thinning grey hair, ruddy cheeks and a small moustache showed a guest through his forty-five acre tube factory at Oldbury. The visitor searched for words to express his admiration. "You must do everything with tubes," he declared, "except turn them inside out."

Walter Hackett, who is chairman of Accles & Pollock, makers and manipulators of more than a million varieties of tube, accepted the compliment as a challenge. As soon as the guest had gone he went to the tool room where, with the help of his fellow Black Country craftsmen, he turned a steel tube inside out.

The inside-out tube was formed by pulling one end of the tube back over its outside wall in the same way as a stocking is removed, to produce a tube with twin walls. While examining it, Hackett saw how the new shape could be turned into a vacuum flask. Today these steel vessels, made from tubes, are used in extremely low-temperature research.

Bicycles, bedsteads and boilers were once the only outlets for Hackett's tubes. Now every British aircraft, car and ship uses them; they are essential to many other industries and are exported to most countries.

A single atomic energy station incorporates one hundred miles of tubing, some in metals so precious that 1 lb. of tube is worth nearly £200.

Hackett's craftsmen make tubes that are round, square, oval, triangular or any of two thousand different shapes. The largest in production are eight inches in diameter; the smallest, with an outside diameter of .003 inches, are so fine that they can hardly be seen and 250 miles of them weigh only a little more than 10 lb. "We take holes," Hackett explains, "and wrap them in metal."

He offered this definition to an American mission visiting Britain during the war to investigate lend-lease orders. His appeal to them for more material was made in a verse ending:

We keep a goodly supply of holes;
Indeed, we think they'll last,
So need sufficient good class steel
To last till war be past.

The Americans incorporated Hackett's verse in their report recommending that the required steel should be shipped promptly.

Hackett writes verse under the pseudonym "Khanyer Whackett." Some of it appears in the records of the Royal commission that decided awards for wartime inventions. He submitted his claim for work on the Sten gun in doggerel.

Government officials went to Hackett soon after Dunkirk to find out whether he could turn tubes into weapons. The traditional way of gun-making is to bore a hole through a block of steel and then to cut the spiral rifling on a special machine. Hackett was asked to find a faster method.

Suitable tubes were available for barrels. The problem was how to rifle them. Hackett decided, against the advice of his own workmen, to push the rifling device through the tube instead of pulling it. His technique was so successful that he made 5,500,000 Sten gun barrels at a rate of one every ten seconds.

Rifle barrels were made on the same system. Sir Claude Gibb, a wartime Director-General of Weapons and Instrument Production, calls it "the greatest contribution to the production of small arms during the whole of the war."

Hackett is proud, too, of the weapons his factory has developed since the war. These are the steel bows and arrows that have revolutionized archery. Hackett thinks that the bow

Hypodermic needles and surgical instruments are made from tubes supplied by Hackett's firm. For a laboratory Hackett made a needle half as thick as a human hair for injecting flies with disease

the experiment revolutionized aircraft design

is probably the finest piece of engineering in tube yet devised. It consists of a tapered tube with a taper gauge bending in a perfect arc throughout its length and developing an evenly distributed strength of seventy-five tons to the square inch from a 30-lb. pull on the bowstring.

The bow was developed by one of Hackett's experts, Charlie Bayliss. Within a year of his perfecting the design, the new bow won both the English and world championships.

Hackett was describing tube making once when a stranger asked if he made only one hole at a time. "My immediate answer was 'of course,'" he says, "but later I asked myself why we made only one hole at a time. When I got back to the factory, I started experimenting with multibore tubes."

One tube that resulted has an outside diameter of half an inch. Inside are fifty small holes running the length of the tube, each .004 inches in diameter.

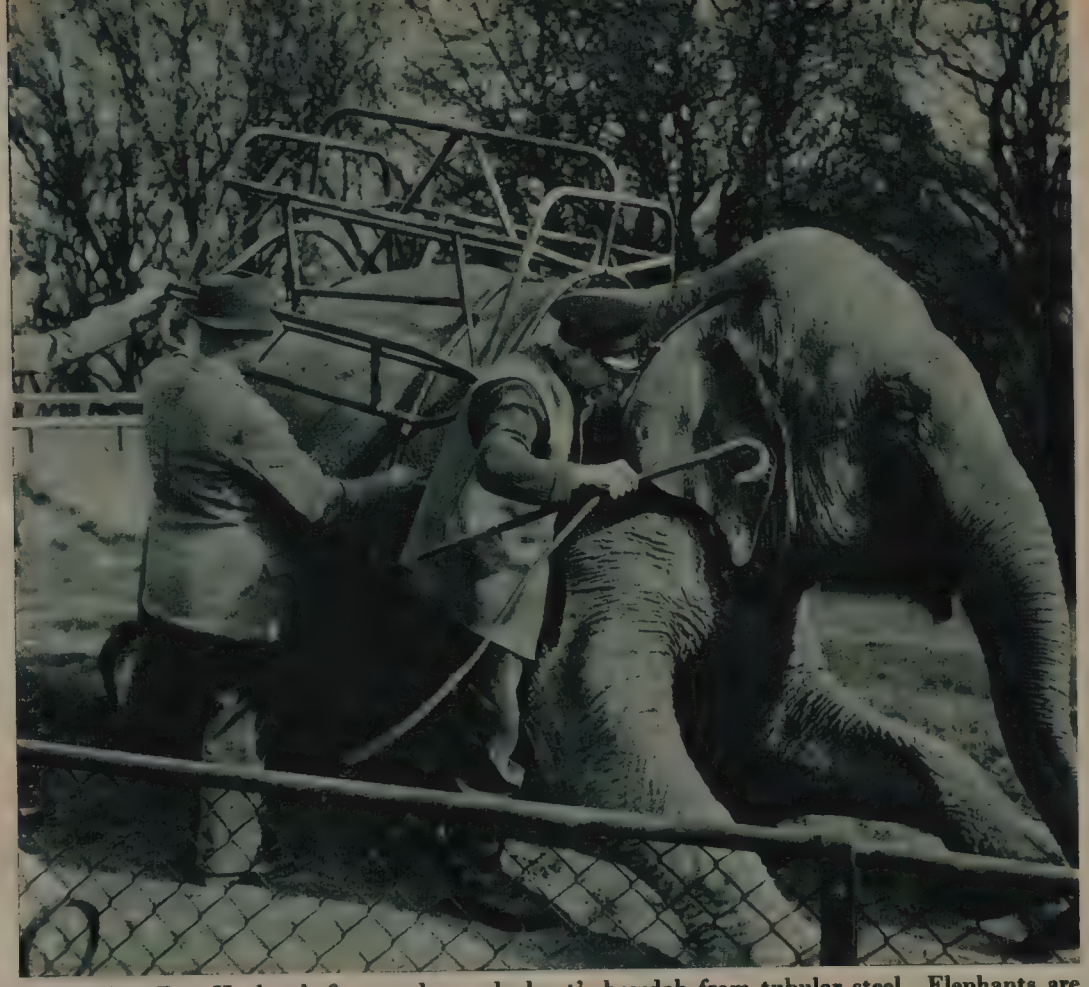
Tapered tubes were made specially for monkeys at a zoo. The monkeys, suffering from a disease that attacked their tails, refused to tolerate bandages. Hackett's men made tubes to cover their tails. These were attached with sticking plaster to the bodies and if one animal tried to remove another's tail tube, the monkey would feel the pull of the plaster and move away.

Surgeons use specially made tubes for delicate instruments. An American doctor, after trying without success in his own country, commissioned Hackett's firm to make him a probe for brain surgery. It is six inches long and tapers to a diameter of one-thousandth of an inch. This instrument is now used to detect radio-active isotopes as they pass through the brain during pre-operative examinations.

Atomic energy stations are now among Hackett's most important clients and his firm opened a special department to deal with their requirements. One problem they face is the scarcity and high price of raw materials such as zirconium, tantalum and beryllium, which cost as much as £16 for a square inch of foil .001 inches thick.

Young engineers, born long after Hackett had become an established tube maker, deal with these newly developed metals and their use in atomic plants. They found that modern methods of tube manufacture could not be used because of the small quantities of metal available.

Hackett went back fifty years in his memory and revived a discarded process of making tubes, known as cup and draw. It proved to be the answer to the atomic scientists' tube problem.



For Dudley Zoo, Hackett's firm made an elephant's howdah from tubular steel. Elephants are bigger in summer than winter. The howdah is adjustable to give a perfect fit in all seasons

Hackett shows his secretary the original Sten gun. He pioneered a quicker way of making them

Feathers are glued to steel arrows. Steel tubes are also used for bows, fishing rods and hurdles

WALTER WILLIAM HACKETT, whose father was a horsekeeper at a Smethwick factory, left school at twelve to work for four shillings a week in a solicitor's office.

"I soon realized," he says, "that it was going to take me a long time to become attorney-general, so I became a toolmaker."

When Accles & Pollock was founded as a small tube factory, Hackett was foreman tool-maker. The firm was so short of funds that the young foreman couldn't get enough fuel to keep the workmen warm. He stuffed an old boiler suit with straw and hung it on a tube on the bank of a canal. As the coal boats passed, their crews, using the dummy as a target, hurled chunks of coal at it. These Hackett later collected to feed the braziers.

The firm survived and grew largely as a result of Hackett's skill and his urge to find new uses for tubes. In 1910 a wealthy young naval officer named Jack Seddon came to the factory to ask Hackett if he could make the tubes to build a steel aeroplane.

"I looked him over," Hackett says, "and asked him what size he wanted to build."

Seddon and Hackett built a strange looking contraption from tubular steel hoops twelve feet in diameter. It was christened the Mayfly. It failed to fly, because the two enthusiasts could not get the twin engines to run together. But the experiment convinced aircraft manufacturers that steel tubes were superior to wood in light-ness and strength. The Royal Aeronautical Society later recognized Hackett's contribution to the industry by making him a Fellow.

Hackett's sense of humour, which seldom deserts him even on the most formal occasions, almost failed him when an American visitor arrived at Oldbury and produced a sample of what he termed the smallest tube in the world. Hackett was forced to agree that it was smaller than anything he had produced. An inspiration came to him just as the visitor was leaving, and he asked if he could borrow the sample for a few days.

Hackett returned the sample "smallest tube in the world" to the American the following week. Inside it was an even smaller tube drawn by Black Country craftsmen. THE END

Sean
She was th

O'Malley's daughter

chief wonder of the village. But Con . . . why, he was so ffless, he couldn't even poach properly

by BRIAN CLEEVE

A DROWNED twilight hung like gauze between the soft, misty grey of the sky and the polished stillness of the water. The low hills lay veiled in it like dark blue clouds resting on the lake. I rowed quietly, three brace of duck between my feet and my gun on the thwart beside me. My oars dripped silver and the creaking of the rowlocks hardly disturbed the silence.

Away to the left I could see the lights in Murtagh's farmhouse. The electricity was still new to him, and he hardly waited for twilight before he had it on, boasting to anyone watching that he was finished with the paraffin.

I rested my oars and drifted along silently. When I heard Con's boat coming, I was almost angry, as if he had stolen my quiet.

I knew it was Con's by the uneven stroke of the oars. It was queer how he never learned to row properly; always that small drag on one oar like a man limping. But then, he never did anything the way another man would have done it. He'd have a bird in his sights and forget to squeeze the trigger, watching the way the light fell on its wingbeats; and I've seen him take a 20-lb. salmon out of the net and put it back in the water.

I could see the boat now, coming out from behind St. Kieran's island, squat and black, with Con's head and and shoulders part of the silhouette.

"Con," I shouted, "over here!" The words echoed over the still water and I saw Con turn his head. But instead of coming towards me he back-oared and turned, making for the shelter of the island, and as he turned I saw why. He wasn't alone in the boat. There was someone with him; a girl.

I started to laugh, thinking of Con Lehane, who blushed if his married sister spoke to him in the street, courting a farm girl in his leaky old boat. Then I saw the paleness of fair hair, and I knew who the girl was: Sigrid O'Malley, Sean O'Malley's daughter. My mouth fell open, and I stayed staring across the hundred yards of darkening water, long after Con's boat had disappeared.

Sigrid O'Malley, the village's chief wonder, and Con Lehane! Sigrid O'Malley, whose mother had left £500 for her for a dowry, and who was as good as spoken for by Tim Murtagh. There wasn't anybody in the parish who didn't know that it was for her that Murtagh had had the electricity put in. He was even talking of a washing machine, if she'd name the day. And for her to be out on the lake with Con!

I wondered if her father knew, and then realized that he didn't from the way Con had avoided me. Not that I needed that to tell me. If Sean O'Malley had his way, he wouldn't have let a man like Con breathe the same air as his daughter.

Con's father had been a schoolmaster, until he drank himself out of school, and a great poet in the Gaelic. But all Con inherited from him was the shiftlessness, and a queer lopsided kind of limping education, like his rowing. He could hardly count his change, the few times he had any, and the next minute he'd be quoting you poetry out of a book. He couldn't even poach properly, and to keep himself alive he had to go over the Border every summer for the harvesting, or to Scotland for the potato picking.

If it hadn't been for me, I think he would have left the village altogether. But when Colonel Rawdon made me his water baliff to stop me poaching, or rather, to stop the others poaching, I made Con my assistant. He had a gentle hand with a clutch of eggs, and was quiet to be with.

He was a small, brown man, with brown skin and brown eyes and a dark brown tangle of hair with spikes in it like a gorse bush. He was not the kind of man Sean O'Malley would choose to keep company with his daughter; not if Con was the last man alive.

For O'Malley was a notable man in his own way, even now that he'd had the stroke that half crippled him. Even leaning down the street to Doyle's on his stick, with his white hair and his angry blue eyes and his sailorman's blue coat, he was a man to touch your hat to. He'd been a sea captain in sailing ships, and a customs officer in China, and a consul or some such for a South American republic over beyond in Norway. It was there he met Sigrid's mother, and married her, and had Sigrid for a daughter.

I can still remember them coming back to the parish, and the great to-do there was; the foreign woman that could hardly speak English, and the little girl like a princess in a fairy tale, with hair like cold sunlight and eyes grey as the evening; and Sean O'Malley laying down the law in Doyle's about politics, and setting up for gentry.

The mother never throve at all. I remember her walking by the lake in the evenings, deathly pale except for two red spots burning on her cheek bones, just the greying edge of her hair showing under her head scarf, and her coat held open as if she couldn't breathe. Before Sigrid was ten she died, drifting out of life as if she didn't want to stay in it any longer.

There was a good few would have married Sean O'Malley after that, but he said no, he'd devote the rest of his life to Sigrid. And when he let it be known that she'd have £500 of a dowry the day of her wedding, his decision was accepted; the more so as Sigrid grew older and showed that she hadn't the temper for a step-daughter. Hers was a terrible quiet kind of anger that you wouldn't know was there until it was well started, and then it was a white blaze of fury that you wouldn't quench with all the water out of the lake.

I know that the one time I roused her I ran for my life. It was about the time Tim Murtagh started looking towards her in a serious kind of way, and I began teasing her about the great match it would be for her, and the great things her dowry would do for Murtagh's farm, and how he'd been getting particulars down from Dublin about a tractor.

"By the powers," says I, "the pair of you'll be the glory of the parish," and with that she took a pace towards me and I thought my last minute had struck. I turned and ran, and if the lake had been at my back I'd have run straight into it.

As far as I was concerned I thought Murtagh was stone mad, thinking of marrying the likes of her, £500 or no—although it

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Sigrid and Con came down the path, carrying one bag between them. "All clear," I whispered. "Good luck. And send me word one day"

ILLUSTRATED BY SEABRIGHT

Padre Phillips fights our seamen's battles

by CHARLES WAUGH

When Britain's mariners meet disaster far from home, he sees that they have a friend in every port

In London's Empire Memorial Hostel Padre Phillips talks over a problem with a seaman

RAYMOND WESTBROOK PHILLIPS is a short, ruddy-cheeked padre whose clerical collar and semi-naval uniform make him a familiar figure in many of the world's largest ports. Strolling along the docks at Las Palmas in the Canary Islands one morning, he was stopped by a harassed young English sailor.

"I'm in trouble," the sailor told the padre. "My ship sailed without me. All my gear's on board. I haven't any money, and it was my first job as an engineer."

"Your troubles are just beginning," Phillips replied. "If you hang around here, the Spanish police will throw you in the cooler. You'd better come with me."

Phillips led the stranded engineer to the sanctuary of the British Sailors' Society's club. From there the padre went to the British Consul and arranged for a visa. At the cable office he sent a message to the man's captain. Finally, after canvassing local shipping agents, he found the young sailor a berth in another vessel that would catch up with his own ship at Lagos, Nigeria.

Padre Phillips is superintendent chaplain of the British Sailors' Society and directs a world-wide force of eighty-five chaplains and port missionaries dedicated to helping sailors. The society operates sixty clubs in ports from Hamburg to Auckland, runs a home at Rhu, Dunbartonshire, for children of merchant seamen, operates a sea training school for boys and maintains a library of 190,000 books, in 4,825 ships.

Phillips travels 40,000 miles a year on the society's work, which has included scattering a sailor's ashes over the Thames, supplementing foreign prison rations, finding jobs and helping the sick or disabled. On one occasion, he helped an injured seaman to sue the Montreal Transportation Commission.

The sailor, hurt in a collision with a Montreal bus, lacked money required by the Canadian court as a deposit before his action could be heard. Phillips's port chaplain in Toronto investigated the case and recommended that the man should be helped. The society then advanced funds to be paid into court.

More than £600,000 is spent by the society every year for the benefit of merchant navy men, and Phillips reckons that little of the money falls into the wrong hands. The padre, who, is generous in cases of real need, has a keen eye for impostors.

One sailor, who asked for money to get home to Glasgow, came with a telegram announcing his mother's death. He was sent away empty handed when the port missionary in Glasgow revealed that the mother was, in fact, sitting at the hearthside sipping tea.

Phillips (right) in the British Sailors' Society library. The most popular books are thrillers, with Western stories next

Usually, seamen asking for financial aid are offered a bed for the night, and the interval is used to check their stories. In addition to his network of chaplains and missionaries, Phillips can also refer to records kept by the society's welfare department. These show every instance of assistance given and provide a check on possible frauds.

Genuine cases get immediate attention. When it was learned that a British seaman was languishing in hospital at Reggio, in Italy, Phillips arranged for him to be brought home.

"I discovered that the fellow was having a thin time," Phillips says. "On top of his illness, he had food and language problems and he was getting worse instead of better."

Port chaplains and missionaries make more than 12,000 visits to sailors in hospital every year, but the Reggio case is the longest trip on record. Phillips sent Morgan Bartlett, the port missionary in the sailor's home town of Ipswich, on this case. Bartlett flew to Rome, then took a train south to Reggio and, after persuading the hospital to release the patient, brought him back to Ipswich.

Another sailor contracted poliomyelitis in Australia. Phillips arranged for a chaplain or missionary to meet him at every stop on the way home. The sick man was flown via Auckland, Vancouver and Amsterdam. At each airport someone from the society looked after him between planes. In London, Phillips himself supervised transfer to a train that took the sailor to his family in Newcastle.

One morning, Percy Devereux, Phillips's port missionary at Southampton, received a call from

On board the collier Sir David H Phillips chats with some of the crew. The collier, which plies between the Tyne and the Thames, has a well-stocked library and is visited regularly by a port missionary

Seamen in the canteen of the Empire Memorial Hostel, nicknamed "the stack of bricks." From his office nearby, Phillips directs a world-wide force of missionaries

the National Union of Seamen. "One of our boys is dangerously ill in Capetown," said the caller. "Can you get his wife out to him?"

Devereux reported the request to Phillips. A cable went to the port missionary at Capetown who replied that the man, a steward named Giovannia Paglia, was suffering from complications after an operation and that his wife's presence would aid his recovery.

All flights to South Africa were fully booked but the airline put Mrs. Paglia on a waiting list. For the next three days Devereux's assistant left Southampton at 3 a.m. to wait at the airport for a cancellation. On the third day a seat became vacant and the port missionary rushed Mrs. Paglia to the aircraft.

In Capetown, the local branch of the society provided Mrs. Paglia with free accommodation and, when Paglia recovered, secured the couple free passage home in a boat of the Union Castle Line.

Devereux, who is a lay evangelist, sometimes conducts services at Winchester Prison where he visits seamen who have got into trouble. Not long ago, a group of prisoners presented him with an illuminated address in appreciation of his work. It bore the legend, "The important thing is not where we are but the direction in which we are going."

An able seaman from a collier once approached Devereux in Winchester. The seaman had been remanded to the quarter sessions on a charge of stealing a £45 overcoat and, because of his previous record, he faced the possibility of a ten-year sentence.

Devereux talked to the man and learned that he had never been put on probation. The missionary boarded the collier and talked to the man's captain. Devereux was then able to go into the witness box at the seaman's trial and guarantee that the sailor would get his job back if he were put on probation. The court imposed a £40 fine and agreed to its being paid by instalments.

The seaman went with Devereux from the court to a train for Sunderland, where the collier was lying. He rejoined his ship, and on each succeeding pay day sent Devereux a money order until the fine had been paid.

Padre Phillips receives reports from his missionaries and chaplains about every case they handle. His office in the East End of London is in a tiny building overshadowed by the society's massive Empire Memorial Hostel, known to seamen as "the stack of bricks."

The hostel has 165 bedrooms for seamen, thirty-eight for officers and six bedrooms reserved for boys of the society's training school at Dover. In addition there are thirty-two staff bedrooms, a canteen, a concert hall where dances and film shows are held, television and a billiards room. For a night's stay, with breakfast, seamen pay 7s. and officers 9s. 6d.

A young officer who was spending his leave at "the stack of bricks" instead of at home, went to the padre and explained that his marriage was breaking up.

"What do you do when you come home from a long voyage?" Phillips asked.

"I like to sit by the fire with a good book," the officer replied.

Phillips advised him to take his wife to a few parties. The officer said he didn't dare face his wife again. The padre then booked an hotel room for the couple, persuaded the wife to come to London, and sent them both off on a planned programme of entertainment. There was no more mention of divorce.

ANOTHER marriage was saved from the attentions of an anonymous letter writer. The victim was a sailor whose ship was in Australian waters. He received an unsigned letter about his wife and it so upset him that he asked his captain for help.

The captain radioed the headquarters of the British Sailors' Society. A port missionary visited the sailor's wife and discovered that the letter was the work of an embittered neighbour. A long cable reached the sailor within twenty-four hours assuring him that the charges were unfounded.

A seaman who was suffering from the after effects of watching ships blown up around him on D-Day telephoned to Phillips for help.

"I'm in a telephone box," the sailor said. "I'm afraid to go outside again."

Phillips asked him the location of the box and promised that someone would be there inside twenty minutes. A missionary went to fetch the man while Phillips arranged for him to receive treatment at the Dreadnought Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich. The padre visited him in hospital, and later sent him to the merchant navy rehabilitation centre.

The centre is on a farm, and there convalescent sailors prepare themselves for their return to the sea. The D-Day veteran made a quick recovery and married a girl on the staff. Phillips's only regret is that he was overseas at the time and could not officiate at the wedding.

Phillips visits the society's overseas clubs as often as he can. He once lost two and a half stone from his spare frame while working his passage as chaplain in a ship bound for New Zealand, where the society has a very active branch.

Hamburg is another busy centre and Phillips found a man there in need of help.

"You could tell from the cut of his jib," the padre says, "that he was a seaman on the beach. He was very nervy—like a piece of cloth with frayed edges."

The sailor said his home was in Edmonton, Canada. Phillips got him a passage to London, sent him on to Liverpool and, when he couldn't get him a ship there, arranged for him to be flown home.

Phillips, who was born in Leeds in 1894, is married and has two daughters. He served as an infantry officer in the first World War and then studied for the Baptist ministry. He worked in London and Birmingham churches until 1937, when he became superintendent chaplain for the British Sailors' Society.

This summer he goes on a tour that will take him as far as New Zealand. On the way there and back he will be boarding ships, inspecting the society's clubs and looking for new ways to help seamen.

He has no hesitation in speaking to anyone who looks like a seaman. In Rotterdam recently, he noticed a lonely looking figure in the lounge of the sailors' club. He spoke to the man and learned that he had been away from home for eleven months. In all that time, the sailor hadn't written to his wife and children.

"She's used to it," he told Phillips.

The padre brought him a sheet of the society's notepaper and an envelope and suggested that he should write his wife a brief note.

"Dear Phyllis," the sailor wrote laboriously. "I shall be home next Tuesday. Get a meal ready for me and send the kids to the flicks. Yours sincerely."

THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Sean O'Malley's daughter

Continued from page 21

might do him a power of good at that. He was a slow, heavy, sullen, red-headed man that nobody liked or trusted very much except to his face. He was a bad man to cross, and a twisty man to bargain with. But he was a big farmer, and it was a good marriage for Sigrid. Murtagh had three hundred acres of land and she would have a fine house, with the electricity in it now and a good well, and a servant girl to help with the rough work. She'd be almost a lady. Nobody took it too seriously when she held back from naming the day.

And now here she was out with Con Lehane.

I was more than puzzled all the way back to the shore. But it was no business of mine and I put it out of mind while I lifted the ducks down to Doyle's. I left them under a couple of old sacks and went round the front.

"Ah, is it yourself, Peter?" said Doyle, giving me a little squinnying look from under his gingery eyebrows. "And how is the colonel's poultry progressing this hard weather? He wouldn't ever be giving a poor man permission to take a duck or so, I suppose?"

"Ducks?" I said. "In the close season ? Are you mad, Jim Doyle?" I gave a look round the bar to see if anyone was watching, and when I saw that there wasn't I gave him a jerk of my thumb towards the back.

"Ah well," said Doyle. "I was only asking. Will you have a drop of the hard stuff to warm you?"

I nursed my drink in my hand while he went out to the yard to weigh what was under the sacks, and watched two men in the far corner arguing over the day's winners. My mind couldn't have been farther from Con and Sigrid. If there was a thought in it, it was what price I'd get from Doyle.

Then Tim Murtagh came in and I knew there was trouble. He had his shoulders hunched like a bull and his face was purplish red. Doyle came back into the bar that same second and started washing his hands in his apron as soon as he saw the mood Murtagh was in.

"What'll it be now, Mr. Murtagh? What'll it be for you?"

"Nothing," said Murtagh. "I'm looking for Con Lehane."

So someone else besides me had seen them.

"Not a sign of him here," said Doyle, glancing round him as if he half expected to see Con hiding under the bar. The way he looked, and the bright tone of his voice, as if it was a sign of cleverness in him not to have Con about the place, made me wonder if this had been going on longer than I knew, and if Doyle and the others had been expecting trouble this while back.

Murtagh turned on me. "You, Peter," he said, "do you know where that vagabond of yours is just now? I've a message for him."

I scraped my foot in the sawdust. "Why, no, Tim," I said. "I don't rightly know where he is just now. Will I take the message for you?"

"It's this," said Murtagh. "Let him not poach on my ground. Let him not cast so much as a green eye on one blade of grass growing on it, or it'll be a sad, bad day for him, the poor, useless tramp. Let him heed that, or I'll give him more than words to heed."

"I'll give him the message," I said.

I finished my drink, and took the price of the ducks from Doyle's wife, tucked inside a newspaper she was by way of giving me to read, and went to look for Con. I found him in my own parlour, reading in a book.

I picked up a gaff that I was halfway through mending, and began fiddling with it. "Listen, Con," I said at last, "how long has there been this carry on between you and Sigrid O'Malley?"

You couldn't have said that to another man, maybe, but with Con it didn't matter. He might not answer, but he wouldn't take offence.

He looked at me for a long moment, but I knew that he didn't see me, or even the wall behind my head. "She's beautiful," he said at last, as if that answered my question.

"Tim Murtagh is boiling mad with anger at you," I said. "He's a dangerous man to cross."

"It was in the summer that I realized how beautiful she was," said Con. "I saw the sunlight on her hair, and the way she walked. I couldn't think of anything else for days after. I wrote poems for her, and at night I'd go and bury them under her window."

"You don't tell me," I said.

"And then one night she heard me and came out. It was hot August. She asked me what I was doing, and I told her, and I can still remember how she laughed. 'At last,' she said, whatever she meant by that. And then she said she was stifled in the house and, if I liked, I could row her on the lake, in the moonlight.

"I thought my heart would burst out of me with fright, even at the thought of it, but it was as if I didn't belong to myself any longer, but to her, and we stole down to the jetty together, and took your boat——"

"Did you, by God," I said.

"—and half the night we drifted in the moonlight, and I told her my poems that I'd written for her, and others that I'd read, and she told me about her mother's country where even in midsummer there are mountains with white snow shining on them. . . ."

I heard the door open behind me, and I whipped round with the gaff poised in my hand as if I expected evil to be coming in.

"It's only me," said Sigrid. "Don't be afraid, Peter."

Just standing there, she seemed to fill the small, dark parlour with a fountain of light. Her hair was like white fire as she let her scarf fall back, and the lamplight shone on her pale hands as she came forward and held them out to me.

"Don't be angry with us," she said. "Murtagh has a man watching Father's cottage, so Con sent word to me to meet him here. It's almost the last place they'd expect us to be."

"Sent word?" I said. "Con, do you mean to tell me that you've gone and *told* someone you were going to meet Sigrid here, in my cottage? Glory be to God, man, have you lost your wits entirely?"

"And why shouldn't he?" Sigrid said, that low, dangerous tone in her voice again that had once sent me skeltering. "Who has the right to say who I'll meet, or where?"

"Your father, for one," I said.

"Him!" she said bitterly. "It's a wonder he doesn't drive me to market with a bell round my neck and a blue rosette on my forehead."

"He means the best for you," I assured her.

"The best?" she hissed. "Is Tim Murtagh the best? What right has he to be following me and inspecting me and talking over my head to my father as if I belonged to him?"

Then she snapped her fingers, and her mood changed like sunlight breaking between clouds. "I know who I love," she said. "I know who I'll marry." And she clasped her two slender hands together and turned, smiling, to Con.

"Dear Lord," I said, "this is a bad business. If Tim Murtagh gets the full feel of this, it'll be burying Con you'll be and not marrying him."

"That's true," said Con dreamily, gazing at Sigrid.

"Then what——?" I began.

"What are we going to do?" Sigrid ended for me. "Why, run away together, of course."

I stood looking at her. "Run away? With Con?" I thought of the two of them, a poet and a child, and wondered if I were losing my own senses.

"What else would we do? We love each other." She came close to me and put her hands on my shoulders. "You're going to help us, aren't you, Peter?"

And she smiled at me. I tell you, I've been a bachelor for forty years and, if God is kind to me, I'll stay a bachelor until they lay me out; but if there was another woman in the parish that had the look of Sigrid as she was then, I wouldn't give a bent sixpence for my chances.

"Yes," I said, swallowing, "yes, I suppose I must. What is it you want me to do?"

"Only the simplest thing," she said. "We're going tomorrow night. We can't go by road, for they'd catch us long before we reached a railway station. So we're going by boat. As soon as supper's done tomorrow night and I have my father in bed we'll be gone in Con's boat. And before anyone but you knows it, we'll be across the Border."

Perhaps I should explain that our own lake is only one of a whole net and chain of lakes, linked by smaller channels of water, and threading through them and across them runs the Border. It wouldn't be four hours' rowing for Con to put the Border between them and her father and Tim Murtagh.

"There's only one thing you've forgotten," I said, trying to close my mind to all the things she'd forgotten or never known about the hopeless class of a man Con was. "And that's the small matter of money."

"Oh, no, we haven't," said Sigrid. "Oh, no. There's my dowry."

"Your father has that," I said. "He'll not be posting it to Con."

She smiled a woman's smile. "But I know *where* he has it. It's in a black tin box under his mattress—and he keeps the key of it under his tobacco in his blue tobacco jar."

"By the powers!" I said, thinking of my own £30 in a cocoa tin under my own mattress, and not even a lock and key on it.

"That will keep us until Con finds his feet," Sigrid said. "And now—you."

I flinched, wondering if she knew about my £30. "What do you want?" I said.

"Just your boat to be locked and double-locked tomorrow night, and your oars in one place and you far away in another. Yours is the only boat they could use to chase us if the worst happened and they found out too soon that we were gone."

"Tim Murtagh has a boat," I reminded her.

"It's round the far side of the lake by his own jetty," she said. "By the time word got round to him he'd never catch us. No. Your boat's the only danger."

"I'd be happier if you were leaving later in the night," I said, "when all would be quieter, and no one about to see you go."

"No one will see us go," she said, "and it will take us all the hours of darkness to reach where I want to be by morning."

She was standing beside Con by then, and he was holding her hand as if it had come down from heaven especially to him.

"I'll wet the tea for you," I said, but she shook her head, twisting the old, faded blue scarf over her hair again, putting out its light.

"No, no, I must be getting back to Father. He might call out for me."

He might call out for you tomorrow night as well, I thought, but I said nothing. Con twisted his old coat over his shoulders, nodding to me, and they went out of the door together, as secret as two people shouting in the street. *Dear God, be good to them,* I thought as I went upstairs. . . .

The next night I was crouched by the path down to the lake keeping watch for them. They came at half past eight, carrying one bag between them. They nearly dropped the bag when I spoke to them.

"All clear," I whispered. "Good luck. And send me word one day."

She smiled at me. There was the small sound of water rippling as the boat heeled under their weight, the splash of the oars as Con unshipped them, louder and clumsier than it ought to have been, and then only the limping whisper of his strokes and the shadow of the boat fading into the darkness.

The one thing I had forgotten, and they had forgotten, was the habit a man has of counting his money when he can't sleep. I wasn't up the path before I heard a great cry of rage from old Sean O'Malley's cottage, and then there he was, roaring down the street as fast as he could go.

"Thieves!" he was yelling. "The slut, the strumpet! Thieves, murder!"

Even then it might have been all right if Murtagh hadn't been in Doyle's drinking. He came out at the run when he heard the old man. He shook the story out of him, and his mind was down at the boats in a flash.

"I know what that she-devil has done," he said. "Gone with the Lehane feller."

"Search the roads!" O'Malley was shouting. "Call the guards! Doyle, man, get out the van and bring me to Ballysheen. I'll catch them on the

Your Garden and Mine

by PERCY THROWER

INSTEAD of tying plants with string I use wire rings fixed to clothes pegs.

One end of a piece of wire, about eighteen inches long, is pushed through the coil of a peg spring and turned over so that it cannot be pulled back. The long end of the wire is formed into a noose.

The peg can be clipped to the rim of a pot and the ring holds the plant. Used in a flower bed, the gadget can be clipped to a stake and raised or lowered as necessary.—L. R. DARVILL, Green Lane, Chislehurst, Kent.

From one-inch mesh chicken wire I made some bands, about seven inches wide and nine in diameter, to put round plants that required supporting. The bands soon became hidden by small leaves which grew through the mesh. They can be pushed higher up the plants as they grow and will last for several years.—G. Hedgley, Cley Road, Swaffham, Norfolk.

PERCY THROWER says: Both of these are very useful hints. Many plants are ruined through lack of support.

The art in supporting plants is to do it so that the supports are hardly noticeable and so that the plant is not disfigured.

I particularly like the fact in both ideas that the supports can be adjusted for height and that they can be used year after year. I would rather see the chicken mesh bands twelve inches wide for use with the taller herbaceous plants. Two-inch mesh would be just as effective as one-inch.

FEAR—1

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station platform and strip the skin from their bones. . . ."

But Murtagh was running for the lake. I only had time to fling myself behind a bush and he was charging past me.

He had seen that Con's boat was gone, and was wanting to take mine to follow. I heard him grunt as he tried to break the lock, and maybe he could have broken it, but while he was trying he must have realized that the oars were gone as well. He cursed softly under his breath. I never heard such cold ugliness in cursing in all my life, and I knew then that if he caught the pair of them out there on the lake he would kill them, with no more conscience than he'd kill two foxes that had raided his hen runs.

He dropped the chain back on the thwarts and went running up the shore. Up at Doyle's there were lights flashing and the cough and stutter of a van starting. But Murtagh was out of earshot and sight up the lake shore towards his own jetty before Doyle so much as had the engine properly going.

I CROUCHED by the bushes thinking. Doyle and his van was no threat. Even if he changed his mind about Ballysheen and thought of the Border, there was no road round the lake. But Murtagh was another thing. It wasn't ten minutes since Con and Sigrid had pushed out from the jetty. They'd hardly be level with St. Kieran's island by now. If Murtagh ran the speed he'd been going all the way to his own boat, he'd be up with them within the hour, just about the place the lake narrowed between two hills.

I drew the oars out from the place I'd hidden them and went down to my boat. There was no moon and the stars were cold in the sky. I unlocked the chain and shoved clear of the jetty, and the stars' reflections danced in the broken water beside the boat.

I rowed at a long slant to the way Con and Sigrid must have taken, wanting to get between them and Murtagh following. But a man can run faster than a boat can row, and the thing was, was I in time? I watched the tail of the Great Bear. How long had I been rowing? Twenty minutes? Half an hour? I rested the oars for a second and listened in the stillness. I could hear nothing.

I rowed on for maybe another half an hour, and this time, when I rested, I heard something—the faint splash of oars.

I turned my head to listen better. The sound was coming from over to the left, where Con and Sigrid should be. I sat as still as death listening, and I heard long strokes that might be a couple of hundred yards beyond me. They were even strokes, not limping the way Con rowed, and I knew that Murtagh had got between me and them.

I bent to the oars again and pulled them until I thought the rowlocks would start out of their sockets with the strain. The pain in my back was like red fire in the flesh, and the sweat ran into my eyes. And then, between one stroke and the next I heard him, closer and louder. Beyond that I heard the sound of another boat, the oars limping, one dragging a little in the water before it lifted; and as I listened Murtagh stopped rowing and I heard the clatter of his feet scrambling on the thwarts.

I drove my oars into the water, turning my head to peer into the darkness, and there, suddenly, I saw Murtagh standing in his boat, not ten yards from me, a gun at his shoulder, and beyond him another, fainter shadow that was Con and Sigrid.

The force of my last stroke halved the distance between us. "Murtagh," I shouted and I saw his head lift for a second from the stock of his gun, and then go down again. I had an oar in my hand, and I shifted my grip on it to hold it like a salmon spear poised for throwing. If I missed. . . . But there wasn't time to think of missing.

I threw, and the boat rocked until water lipped silver over the gunwale. There was a red flash in the darkness, blinding me, a great shout half-drowned in the blast of the gun, and the splash of a body falling into the lake.

The stars danced in the sky and I squeezed my eyes and opened them again trying to see. I saw the shadow of an empty boat rocking quietly and, beyond it, out of sight now in the close darkness, I heard the limping strokes of Con's rowing.

I sat down for a long minute to get my strength, and then took the one oar I had left and sculled round to the far side of Murtagh's boat. He was clinging to the gunwale, his head still dazed from the blow of the oar, and his lungs half full of water. I pulled him into my boat and laid him in the scuppers, the water draining out of him. Then I rescued my own oar and hitched his boat behind mine with the painter. There was nothing to hear any more, nothing but my own heart.

I'd been rowing for a long time when Murtagh came to himself. "By God, Peter," he said, "I'll kill you for this."

"You'll have six months to think about it over in Ballysheen jail for poaching," I said reflectively. "The Colonel will take a powerfully savage view of a man like yourself that should be setting an example, poaching his ducks. And in the close season, too."

"Jail?" said Murtagh. "Ducks? Are you gone mad?"

"What else would you have been shooting by starlight?" I said softly. "Of course, if you like to speak to old O'Malley and quieten him about that small matter of Sigrid's dowry, maybe we could say no more on either side. Let you think about it now."

"I don't need to," Murtagh said sullenly. "I'll quieten him. There'll be no more about this from our side of it."

"Nor from ours then," I said.

After that we stayed silent, only the oars breaking the stillness until the moon came up and lit the lake with silver, and shaped the dark hills. I thought of Con and Sigrid far off and safe now across the polished water, and I bent harder to my oars, pleased with the night's work. THE END

LEAVES FROM

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"To avoid an unpleasantly thorough inspection at the Customs, the traveller should take pains to act in a perfectly normal manner"

The unforgiven

Continued from page 9

obeyed her mother, wanting to be inside again, behind the heavy door, within the thick walls.

She said: "We know that man, from some place. I've seen him before, a long while back." She began setting the table in a shaky silence.

This time the boys came soon, and Rachel was comforted. Still, neither of them, nor even the two of them together, could quite take the place of Ben, who could make everything seem all right just by coming into sight.

She held her tongue when they came in, waiting to see what her mother would tell them.

Cash scooped up a handful of soft soap. "You all have a good day?"

"Well. . . ." Matthilda wavered, and would not meet Rachel's eyes. "Just a middling day, I reckon."

All was quiet again, under the sound of wind, while Cash bent low to souzle his face and hair. A name that had been playing tag with her had now come clear into Rachel's mind. She waited a moment more, watching her mother. Then she said: "Abe Kelsey was here."

The effect was explosive. Cash straightened sharply. His eyes went to his mother, not to Rachel, and held with a hard questioning.

Rachel was dumbfounded. *Good lord, I've pulled a trigger. . . . But what trigger?* She had remembered the name, but could not put it to any person she had ever known.

"I was going to tell you it was Kelsey," Matthilda said to Cash. Her voice was coaxing him not to be mad.

Cash still stood there, water from his face running down his shirt.

"She doesn't mean he came in," Matthilda said. She was faltering now, and near to tears. "He just sat out there. . . ."

"Sat how far out?"

"About seven feet," Rachel said.

Cash stared at her a moment, and his next question crackled. "How come *she* knew him?" He jerked his head at Rachel.

Rachel remembered a little more now. She said: "A man of that name had an ambuscade with Papa, a long while ago."

"Papa had falling-outs with a lot of people." Cash reached for a towel, wishing he were shed of the whole thing.

"But Kelsey kept nosing around," Rachel said.

"The child's right, Cash," Matthilda murmured.

"There was something more to it," Rachel said. "Something queer, that I was never let to know."

"All you need to know is that I don't want him around," Cash said. "Let him smell gunpowder—you all hear me?"

It was as if Ben himself had come into the room. No, more as if Papa had; Ben was quieter. Andy was sitting there gaping, with no more idea of what was happening than Rachel.

That was all that was said about it then, but at daybreak Cash and Andy went after Abe Kelsey. They picked up his trail and followed it easily enough until they had gone about four miles. Then it disappeared. Cash sat cussing so long he turned red in the face.

The trouble with Cash was that he knew exactly who he was after, and why. He thought of Abe Kelsey as a varmint that had to be killed. And he was in a sweat to get it over. He knew just why Kelsey had to be killed, but he didn't know how much Andy knew about it. Nothing, he hoped. . . .

Actually, Abe Kelsey was a most unfortunate man. He was even famous for it in his own part of the world, which was limited to the prairies south of the Arkansas. Andy and Rachel may have been the only people over ten years old who did not know about him.

Kelsey had once had a wife and a young son at Burnt Tree, a tiny settlement which the Kiowas destroyed in 1863. He must have married late, for he was middle aged even then, and his boy was only seven when Abe lost both wife and child in the massacre.

Supposedly. Two years later a rumour said Abe's son was alive, held captive by the Kiowas. Abe went to the Kiowas and swore forever that he found his son. The boy had even answered to his name.

BUT there was something wrong somewhere. Nobody was surprised that the Kiowas claimed the boy to be a quarter-breed of their own, but reliable men who had known the Kelsey boy declared that they had seen him dead and had helped to bury him.

People took sides. Some, who had themselves lost wives or children, were ready to believe Abe's story without any scrutiny at all. Others would have none of it.

The Zachary boys' father, William Zachary—Papa, to the family, but Old Zack everywhere else—had ridden with Abe in Indian-chasing posses, in a try for the truth. Abe and Old Zack rode openly into a Kiowa camp—and, the instant Zack laid eyes on the boy, he knew Abe was wrong. The boy was white, or nearly so, but young Kelsey would have been only nine in 1865, and this was a great lout at least thirteen years old. He was fluent in Kiowa and knew a little Spanish, but the only English word Zack could trap him into recognizing was "squaw."

The boy offered Zack a Mexican concho to shoot Kelsey, who was a nuisance to him. He couldn't do it himself, for a Kiowa's own medicine would turn on him if he killed a crazy person. As for his name—the boy answered to Set, for Set-Tayhahna-tay, which means Texan Bear. And Kelsey's boy happened to be named Seth.

Old Zack was convinced Abe was absolutely wrong, and told him so. Abe never forgave him.

Seemingly Abe Kelsey's mind came unhinged after that. He turned fanatic, willing to become an Indian himself, if that would win the confidence of this boy he believed to be his son. He tagged the Kiowas around, living on what scraps they threw him. He ran whisky to them when he could get whisky, guns when he could get guns. He even scouted out easy kills for them

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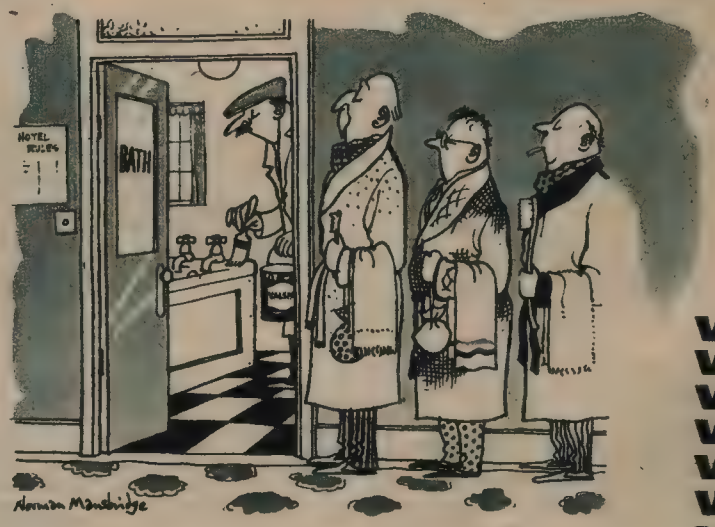

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among his own people, which would have made him deadly dangerous, if the Indians had trusted a word he said.

And still the Kiowas would have none of him. Fearing to kill or maim a crazy man, they tried to drive him off by abusing him in every other way they could think of.

And presently Abe found a weapon to use against the Zacharys. It was a weapon so strange to them that they knew no defence against it. Even if they killed him—which Old Zack would have done, had not Abe eluded him—it might some day destroy them. . . .

So now Cash was furious, baffled, and talking to himself. "Close by, some place. Less'n six miles from the house. Must be watching us now."

"How's that?" Andy asked.

"Shut up until you're spoken to," Cash yelled. . . .

But now Ben got back; and, secretly, Cash had never been more relieved in his life. They read Ben's signal smoke by the first light of morning. Cash rode a long way to meet him. Ben was big, shock-headed, and, though hard and lean, so heavily boned that people thought of him as burly. He had fetched home thirty riders, and a cook—about the most successful hiring of hands they had managed yet.

Cash waited until he and Ben had drifted off on the flank, where they could talk alone, before he fired his cannon. "Abe Kelsey was here."

Ben looked startled. "Close to the house?"

"Rode up to a window. Leaned down to look in."

A pause; then two questions more. "What kind of a horse was he on?"

"A mighty sorry horse, by all accounts." This was favourable, for it meant the Kiowas still took away what horses Kelsey could steal. He had gained no influence with them.

Ben's last question was: "Does Rachel . . . ?"

"She hasn't found out anything. Only—this floored me, Ben—she did call him by name. Whether Mama let something slip, or she guessed it from—well, that doesn't matter."

"No; that doesn't matter."

"I'm thinking of the Rawlinses," Cash said. "If Kelsey ever stirs them up against us on account of Rachel, we'll have a finish fight on our hands."

The Rawlinses shared the Dancing Bird with the Zacharys. It was an uneasy partnership. The Rawlinses were "damn Yankees" from the north, while the Zacharys were Southern folk. There was a natural enmity there from the start.

Ben listened to what his brother was saying. When he answered, he held his voice low, but a shake came into it, beyond his control. "Cash, I know, I know in my heart, I'll go after them and I'll kill them, every man, the day they turn on her."

A shade of emphasis fell on that last word, "her," and that was where it belonged. It was Rachel whom Kelsey had been able to turn into a hostage, because of the special vulnerability of this girl. And the great fear that kept the Zacharys for ever on guard was that she herself would find just what the truth of the matter was.

Rachel had been raised in the belief that she was a Zachary. But she was not, nor any of their kin. Nobody knew who she was, or even of what blood.

Abe Kelsey claimed he knew. He had been along when Zack found a naked baby on the prairie seventeen years ago. This gave him enough authority for some to listen to when Abe pointed to what he claimed was the Zacharys' strange immunity to Indian raids.

"Kiowas won't touch 'em. Never have, and never will. Fact is, they bought themselves scot-free when they sold out my boy. Did a deal with the Kiowas, and even took in a red-squaw whelp on swap, to make it binding. Go see for yourself. They've got a squaw-young'n there as ever was—growing up in the Zachary name."

No worse nonsense was possible. If the Kiowas had believed for a moment that the Zacharys were holding a Kiowa child, however fractional of blood, they would have been attacking without let-up. Yet it was the kind of theory that easily took root in that blood-soaked ground.

Now Kelsey had found them out again, and no doubt was putting his dangerous tale around. If he stirred up the Kiowas, or the Rawlinses, the Zacharys had bad trouble ahead. The Kiowas would be bad enough, but the Rawlinses might be worse. No one hated Indians worse than old Zeb Rawlins, and if he got to believe that the Zacharys were harbouring a Kiowa child. . . .

Ben suddenly felt sick in the pit of his stomach, and sick in his heart. With the Rawlinses, the Zacharys claimed by right of use a strip some twenty miles wide by thirty or forty long. The sum total accomplishment of Old Zack's life lay in their precarious hold upon this land.

The Dancing Bird range was carrying upwards of twelve thousand head, about half of which the two families hoped were their own. The market for beef was more shifty than the trail, but a single great lucky drive could put you in the clear for ever.

Ben was sure a big market was just ahead. The past three years had been bad and their debts were sky high again; but this year Ben might prove that his father had indeed left them the means to fortune—perhaps great, unimaginable fortune.

I can't run, Ben thought. *Not now. Not yet. We've got to stand, no matter what comes. No matter what. . . .*

Tears were running down Matthilda's cheeks, and Rachel's eyes had a wet shine as Ben stepped from the saddle to the stoop. They hung around his neck, asking stupid questions and making all the fuss they knew how.

Ben never realized how much he missed the people he left behind until he saw them again. And what he noticed most was how happy Rachel looked, so trusting, and truly thankful. He felt a hard twinge of pity, of anger, seeing her so innocently unaware of the hostility hanging over her, ugly enough to smash the lives of them all.

The sense of well-being lasted until after dark; then Matthilda sent Rachel to bed, and Andy was soon asleep. After that Matthilda seemed older, and Ben let himself go tired. Only Cash was still crisp, as the three of them took a look at the trouble they shared.

"Cash and I talked to the hands," Ben told their mother. "Didn't use Kelsey's name, of course. Just said a horse thief. Told 'em how he looks. And we put up a hundred dollars."

"But—even if they catch him, how can you hold him?"

Ben and Cash exchanged a glance, and Ben said: "Mama, we never told them to catch him."

"What?"

"The hundred," Cash said plainly, "is for his scalp."

The tears that came so easily nowadays sprang to Matthilda's eyes. She said: "Poor old man."

"This lonely country breeds gun-feuds mighty easy," Ben told her gravely. "If ever Kelsey gets to Zeb Rawlins, we can have one of our own—right quick and right here."

"I know," Matthilda said, scotching his argument.

And now they were interrupted. Rachel had appeared in the bedroom doorway, barefooted and in her muslin nightie, her hair in long braids. She asked in a plaintive, little girl fashion if she couldn't come out and sit up with the rest of them for a while. She kept hearing their voices without being able to make out the words. This was a teasing thing, and kept her from getting to sleep.

Matthilda coaxed her to keep trying. "The Rawlinses will be over to visit tomorrow, like as not. We don't want to look just awful."

Rachel's eyes went to Ben with a quick appeal, but he did not intercede. The door closed softly behind her. But while she had stood there Ben had seen more clearly than ever before how pretty she had become, still wide-eyed and child-like, yet so plainly a woman.

How often would unseen eyes be watching her this year? The Kiowas scouted the Dancing Bird all the time, for it lay on their way to farther kills.

It was dangerous enough to have Kiowas looking her over while they believed her a white woman, to be used with casual violence and thrown away. But surely old Kelsey was even now babbling to the Kiowas his old story of Rachel's rescue—or capture, as he called it. Strangely, for so cruel a people, the Kiowas set great store by their own kin; Kelsey could expect acceptance and honour if he turned up a long-captive Kiowa girl.

"I have to ask something of you," Ben said to his mother, coming straight at the point, head on. "I want you to take Rachel somewhere. Some safe place. Like Fort Richardson. . . ."

MATTHILDA stared as if she couldn't believe her ears. "Have you gone mad?" she demanded.

He knew what he was up against. He felt a moment of chill, almost of panic. It came to him that the fight of his life was not going to be made in the saddle, or in the smoke of black powder, but here, now, in this room. And it must be made with no weapons he knew how to use.

"This is going to be an awful bad Indian year," he pressed ahead doggedly. "I talked to the best scouts at Fort Richardson. They all say the same. The Kiowas alone will take a hundred scalps in Texas before midsummer."

Matthilda shrugged. "I've never known the time," she said, "but what an Indian could lie right out there on that ridge and shoot down any one of us he picked."

What stumped Ben was that she already held the Kiowas in the greatest fear she was capable of knowing, yet was unswayed by it. He hunted desperately for another means of persuasion.

"We've pushed the work hard," he said, groping. "One good year—maybe this year—and you can school Rachel in Switzerland, or—or—wherever. . . ."

Matthilda still stood fast. "We'll talk about it when the good year's come," she told Ben.

"Mama, I tell you . . . will you believe me just this once? You've got to get her out of here now, before the first Kiowa Moon—or it's going to be too late."

They watched the moon. Kiowas on raid might attack by night or by day, but travelled only by moonlight. When the moon was full, you could figure war parties were sifting all over Texas, unseen, while in the dark of the moon you wouldn't cut fresh sign of a single band. The Zacharys allowed twelve days a month for the full moon, and lived differently then.

Matthilda said now: "What little money we have wouldn't carry us a step out of Texas, and I'll never take her to a Texas town again—never. I'll not see her heart broken and her life ruined before my very eyes. Have you forgotten Round Rock, and the San Saba—the whisperings, the snubs, the turned backs, while the poor little thing turned bewildered, and so cruelly

STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA • 21

by Commander Douglas Duff

Sailing ship attacked a submarine

HIS Majesty's Barquentine F5, with her commission-pennant fluttering in the hot breeze off the Western Desert, was one of the last square-rigged wooden sailing warships on active service. All of us who fought in her knew that she was probably the last square-rigged warship to fight in battle.

In 1941, along with other sailing ships, we carried troops, stores, ammunition, petrol and anything else into besieged Tobruk, getting through the German blockade in the darkness and under the silence of sail.

Our worn-out little ships bristled with guns taken from the captured Italian dumps. Our ancient engines seldom lasted more than a few hours after a refit. We used sail as much as possible.

One morning we sailed from Mersa Matruh, east-bound for Alexandria. As dawn broke we were in Arabs Gulf.

My barquentine was in advance, the wind off shore. We were making about one and a half knots under sail, when the look-out in the fore-cross-trees reported a submarine on the surface—Italian by the outline. She was charging batteries and not worrying. In those days British air mastery in the desert did not exist.

Under all sail we steadily crept closer. In the greying light we saw the submarine crew at breakfast on the after-casing, not bothered in the least about a bunch of locally crewed schooners, as they believed us to be. They could sink us all at their ease.

We sailed on, hoping our Breda guns could come close enough to sweep the submarine or to puncture her pressure-hull and so keep her on the surface until a destroyer arrived to finish her.

Two of the submarine's hands strolled to her gun, swung it and opened fire. The other men scarcely bothered to look. The shells screamed over our head. My moment had come.

I signalled, "Engage enemy more closely" and "Independent action." Now that the Italian was shooting, we swept towards the submarine, firing as we went. My consorts, in echelon astern, opened fire.

The Italian crash-dived before she got hurt, and it was all over in five minutes.

But fully commissioned wooden warships, mine square-rigged, had been in battle. I don't suppose that it will ever happen again.

FEAR—2

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R. L. Stevenson

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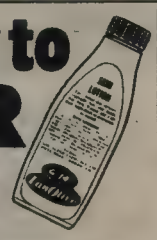

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hurt? How long can that go on before somebody says it to her face?"

"Says what to her face?" Cash asked sharply.

"Do I have to say it? . . . 'Red squaw. *Red squaw!*' " The rough words, forbidden in her house, fell with unaccustomed shock as Matthilda said them.

"I'll hear no man say it twice," Cash promised.

"Oh, can't you see, don't you know? What matters is if Rachel hears. Don't you realize what that would do to her?"

"Better that than we see her dead."

"It's the same thing."

"What?"

"Do you believe she would stay on here a minute once she thought she was drawing harm? She wouldn't care where she went, or if she lived or died. We'd never see her again." Matthilda was pleading with them to understand, and at the same time despairing that they ever could. "I don't believe you know her at all."

"I sure don't see any useful purpose served by holding her trapped in the one most dangerous place she can be."

"I can protect her here," Matthilda said.

Against that simple fixity of purpose, stronger than all her fears, Ben found nothing he could say.

But there was something he could say to Cash, when their mother had gone to bed. "You saw the hands I hired," he said.

"They looked all right to me."

"Could you take about twenty of 'em and get four thousand head to Wichita?"

Cash flared up. "What the hell you want to ask a thing like that for? You know it damn hootin' well."

"All right," Ben said. "It's your herd, Cash."

"It's what?"

"I'm staying back. . . ."

Five of the Rawlinses arrived next day to visit overnight while Zeb Rawlins and Ben straightened out their affairs.

"Let's not mention Abe Kelsey to them," Matthilda asked of Rachel.

"Why?"

"It just isn't needful. Promise me. Please promise."

It was the last thing she said to Rachel before their visitors came.

Zeb Rawlins and his wife, Hagar, appeared first, with a team and rig. The Rawlins's two grown boys were out with the hands, and Georgia Rawlins, nineteen, had tagged along.

Zeb and Hagar Rawlins were a dour couple, but today they brought news that had given warmth to their eyes and voices. Their older daughter, Effie, who had been in Fort Worth a year and more, was coming home to be married. Imagine! She was bringing the young fellow with her. It seemed that the promise of Effie's return had lifted a great weight from the Rawlinses, particularly from Hagar.

Along towards sundown they heard the first day's horse-gather coming in. The riders were hazing and frolicking, showing off because Georgia Rawlins was with them; they poured the herd in at the gallop, running like a storm.

Georgia Rawlins came on in. She was a big girl, tall as her mother, and strongly made. She was handsome, rather than pretty, but bright-eyed and full of bounce from hours on the prairie.

She came in briskly, with a loud but shy: "Oh, hi, everybody!" Her great, shapeless riding skirt was held up in front of her, avoiding both stumbles and embraces, for it embarrassed her to be hugged by women. She bolted for the bedroom to change into other clothes she had brought with her.

This was the girl who would normally have been Rachel's best friend; there was no choice of others. Both families tacitly understood that Georgia was Cash's girl; they would marry sometime, supposedly. Probably no girl would have seemed worthy to Rachel, where her brothers were concerned. She took to noticing that Georgia moved like a tomboy, always ready to climb a corral, or the like, in ways that showed her legs; and could cuss like a man, though she wouldn't try it in front of Hagar.

Georgia reappeared in full-skirted blue cotton, and Rachel had to admit, with a twinge, that she looked all right. Georgia had a lot of mouse-blonde hair, tied back with a ribbon.

Soon the men began coming in. The two Rawlins boys, though lacking in flesh, at least were young men who were not Rachel's brothers. Charlie was the one nearest Rachel's age. He had sad, slow-moving eyes in a shy, quiet face. An empty face, Rachel thought it. She knew that Charlie's eyes followed her moonishly whenever he thought she wasn't noticing. She found this pleasantly exciting, even though she didn't care anything about him.

Charlie's brother, Jude, of an age somewhere between Ben and Cash, was a likely sample of what his father must have been when he was younger —bull-necked, hammered down in the legs and heavily muscled. Andy stood in awe of him, admiring his strength.

Cash was the one who outshone everybody when he finally came in. Ben, in his old, worn clothes, still looked like the boss, but Cash was all dressed up in black leather shirt, wrapped high at the throat like a stock; black jeans, under his brush-leggins; black, silver-conchoed leather cuffs and belt. Rachel thought he looked wonderful, but Ben's stare was belittling. He thought the fool looked like a small-time gambler.

After supper Ben and Zeb Rawlins got their heads together over the book-keeping, which Ben hated. They didn't get far, and it was just as well. Georgia got Cash to his feet first, and then Charlie and Jude; and, of course, Rachel. They pushed things back and started up a singing game. Ben and Zeb had to give up.

One rompy, let-yourself-go night like this had to last them for a long time. Rachel wanted to hold on to it, as if it were the last night in the world. . . .

It began to rain; not in the good old soaker they needed, but in bursts that doused the prairie hard and briefly, with spells of sunshine and rainbows between showers. The Dancing Bird rose, and the grass started. Winter-starved cows and horses gorged themselves into bloats and colics, but all would be well with them now.

The range hands were busy now, rounding up the herd that Cash was to take to Wichita. The spring passed quickly. When the long-winged chutes went up for a quick road-branding, Rachel knew the lovely green-up time was done.

Zeb Rawlins had been finding more to grumble about every day. Then

Rabbit

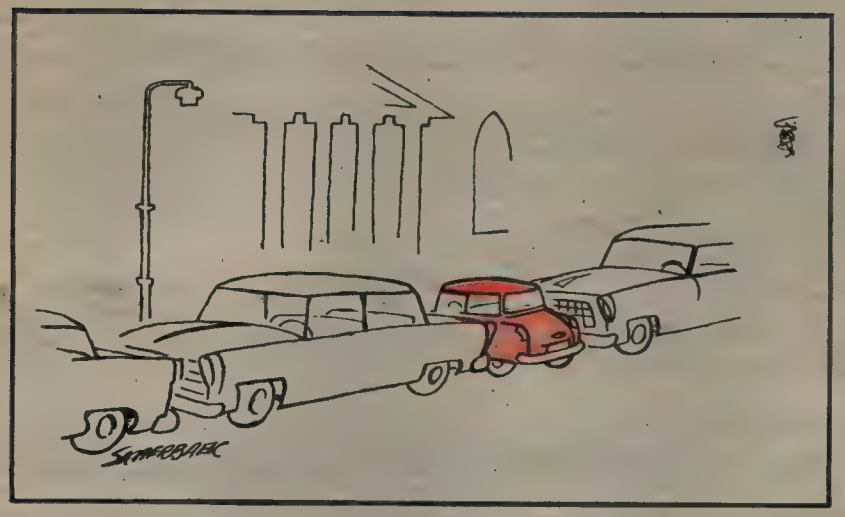
by GEOFFREY JOHNSON

This is a grim to-do:
To be grabbed for the village side,
Which has met its Waterloo;
And to suffer on holiday too
This blot on my blazer's pride.

Our total is now eleven
And extras in it are nine;
Big hitters of ours were seven,
But for all their swipes to heaven
Their ducks have an ominous sign.

What a hangman's leer I call
That bowler's at this end;
So gaily he fillips the ball
He would not scruple at all
To bump off his best friend.

Will no one send me a wire,
No last-minute next of kin;
No splendidly merciful liar
Send news my house is on fire?
For I am the last man in.



suddenly all grumbling stopped. Georgia Rawlins, who had been riding with Cash wherever he went, came out no more; Jude and Charlie took to scouring distant corners of the range on their own. Only Zeb still sat lumpishly in his buggy, watching over his interests with a jaundiced eye.

Ben knew then that Kelsey had been to the Rawlinses. . . .

After the herd was gone, it seemed pretty lonely around the little soddy. The Rawlinses came visiting no more. Andy rode in sometimes from the range, but Ben got home only once in two weeks. He came in very late, and drank his coffee standing. He said that he had found Indian signs every day he had been out; not of big war parties looking for a fight, for the Kiowas' ponies weren't strong enough yet to shake off a pursuit. But the whole Indian situation looked bad.

Rachel was left low in her mind, and haunted by suspicions. Georgia pretended to be helping with the tallies, but Rachel thought it was mighty funny that she was always to be found tallying for Ben.

Then another thing happened, and the world as Rachel knew it turned from beneath her, past all recovery.

She was out walking past the corrals when Ben appeared unexpectedly, and Georgia was with him, stirrup to stirrup, laughing and having a great time. Then Rachel saw Georgia do an odd thing. Her laughter stopped abruptly; she checked and whirled her horse in a move that could have been nothing but an attempt to get out of sight. Too late, of course. Georgia recovered herself at once, and stopped where she was.

Ben waved and wheeled away. Georgia nudged her horse on at a walk, as though coming to visit.

You weren't coming to the house at all, Rachel thought. *You rode here to be with him—but you didn't want us to know.*

In the house they were alone. Matthilda was resting.

"Been seeing a good deal of Ben lately, haven't you?" Rachel's resentment of this girl suddenly popped sparks like a sap log.

"I help keep the tallies. It frees a man. Anyway, we have to keep a cross-tally for Pa."

Rachel must have known that it was jealousy that had hold of her, a very different jealousy from that which she had ever felt when Georgia was fooling around with Cash.

"Who's cross-tallying for Cash? Oh, I forgot. Cash is way up the Wichita trail. Out of sight, out of mind."

Georgia answered shortly, but reasonably. She had not come looking for this fight. "Get this through your head. I'm not bespoke, not to Cash or anybody else."

She moved away. Rachel began to fix something to eat for Ben. She picked up the long bowie knife with which they carved, and cut a slice from the pot roast. She said: "Ben isn't fixing to settle down. He likes to ride free."

Georgia stood looking at her sideways. She hadn't angered yet. "Neither am I fixing to settle down," she said. "Not for a while, anyway."

"Then why do you keep leading them on—each behind the other's back? We have a name for that, where I come from."

Georgia's eyes hardened. If Rachel wanted a fight she could have it. "Oh, hell, Rachel! Quit acting like a brat."

"I won't have you coming between Cash and Ben—you hear me?"

"I hear you—and you sound like a spying little sneak to me."

Rachel's head came up. "I am Rachel Zachary," she said.

"You're what?"

"In all Texas, you know how many people there are can give a Zachary slack. Not one!"

"That's right," Georgia answered. "It's a big pity you ain't one."

Rachel stared, but no more than puzzled then.

"You're no Zachary," Georgia made it plain for her.

"You out of your mind?"

"Knowed it first time I seen you. Look at yourself! Where's the Zachary bone? Look at your hide! Colour of a red hog in a mudhole. You couldn't pass for a Zachary in a thousand years."

With shock, with bewilderment, Rachel saw that Georgia believed what she was saying. She stammered out: "How do you think I got here if . . . ?"

"You're nothing but a catch-colt, a foundling they picked up barenekkid in the road, at that. You don't know who you be, or what—and you never will."

RACHEL's lips turned white, while her eyes went wide and fixed. The knife in her hand was poised in front of her, edge upward, as she moved swiftly towards Georgia.

From the bedroom door Matthilda screamed: "*Rachel!*"

Rachel stopped short and the knife clattered from her hand. Before her eyes the room tilted and darkened, so that she almost fell.

Georgia had retreated from her, stumbling over her awkward riding skirt. She was not a girl who scared easily, but this time there was horror in her eyes; for she knew she had never been any nearer death in her life.

When Rachel's vision had cleared she was gone.

Matthilda held Rachel in her arms, comforting her, crooning to her. "There, now, there. . . . Everything's all right."

Rachel was shaking weakly. "What did she mean? What could she mean . . . ?"

"Put it out of your mind—please, Rachel . . . please!"

"She believes it. If she lied, I'd know."

Long ago, Matthilda had known this moment might come. She had rehearsed two opposite answers, hoping to know when the time came which one to use. One was a straight-out denial, and the other was meant to be a natural and easy acceptance, as of something unimportant. But now the years had come between, and she could not remember even the inadequate answers she had planned.

She faltered: "Why . . . why, Rachel . . . why, I. . . ."

And in that moment of groping it became too late.

"So it's true, then," Rachel said.

To be continued next week

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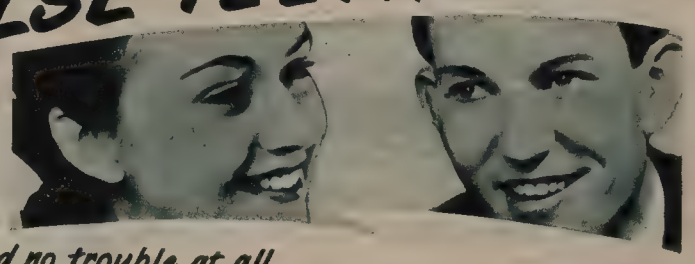

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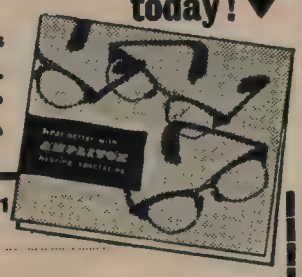

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by MARGERY SHARP

A man like Joe
by ROD McMANIGAL

They'll never miss me
by N. J. CRISP

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Running in

Continued from page 11

breasted the tape inches in front of me. It was a dramatic finish and for me a galling one.

Exactly the same thing was to happen on two future occasions in A.A.A. championships. In 1954 I was beaten in an identical fashion by Freddie Green, of Birmingham, and in 1956 by Derek Ibbotson.

In the summer of 1951 I went with a British athletics team on a tour of Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey. This was just at the time of Tito's first split with Soviet Russia. Few people had been to Belgrade since the war.

With John Wilkinson, another Oxford undergraduate, I spent an evening gingerly sipping slivovitz, a lethal Yugoslav drink, in a café overlooking the Danube. With us was a young Yugoslav who had been at school with John. He told us of the freer atmosphere that had accompanied the break with Moscow, but that it was still dangerous to criticize the régime.

"I hate much of what is going on here—the fear, the oppression and the suspicion," he said. "On many occasions I have wished I had stayed in your pleasant, comfortable country. But I know that I could not. This is my home."

By such fleeting visits to interesting places, my interest in international affairs was stimulated. At home I followed political happenings even more closely, now that I could from first-hand evidence visualize their effect on ordinary people.

IN Belgrade I won my race, and beat Walter Beckett, who had defeated me so narrowly in the A.A.A. championships. Although he was only twenty-two and had trained very hard, he never ran again after that season.

Sir Charles Peake was then Britain's Ambassador in Yugoslavia. One small incident brought home to me how much a diplomat can achieve in the public relations field by acting at the right moment in a human, unpompous way.

A big dinner, with about three hundred people there, was given by the Yugoslavs for the British team. It was a grand affair. For one thing there was white bread, a delicacy which many of our Yugoslav competitors had never seen. Also unfamiliar to them was that everybody was wearing suits, collars and ties.

The British Ambassador had been invited. It was the first time for a number of years that he had been asked to a function of this sort. He was very much under observation by the Yugoslavs.

There were long waits between the courses. It was appallingly hot. Halfway through dinner, Sir Charles said: "I think we might take our jackets off, don't you?"

The Yugoslavs, accustomed to informality, but keen to impress their British visitors with the right kind of official banquet, were delighted. Everybody followed his lead as Sir Charles peeled off the jacket of a smart Savile Row suit to reveal a none-too sightly pair of braces.

A small incident perhaps, but as I watched Sir Charles sitting in the place of honour in his braces, I realized that nothing that His Majesty's Ambassador could have said or done would at that time have achieved more for our relations with the Yugoslav people.

For me, running ceased to be a personal matter. Nowadays, with TV, radio and lively newspaper columnists, there are penalties for success in sport. On the train, men I did not know dug me in the ribs and said things like: "Well, Chris boy, why didn't you beat that Belgian lad last Saturday, eh?"

Fluttery women were continually demanding that I should write my name at the back of their diaries, on little bits of paper or on the flaps of cigarette cartons.

My first experience of this kind of publicity was in a train to Oxford.

"Could I have your autograph?" the woman opposite said. "It's not for me. It's for my little boy." I was rather flattered.

The next time it happened I was rushing for a bus in Oxford Street in London. A similar woman said, "It's not for me. It's for my little boy. He's quite a runner himself."

Ten minutes and two buses later I was still listening to tales about the little boy's athletic exploits. And I felt then more impatient than flattered.

Gradually I became accustomed to signing my name. Whenever it was a matter of a number of autographs there were two other remarks that I found were always being made: "You'll get writer's cramp" and "What you need is a rubber stamp." Unfortunately both became less funny after a while.

I developed a protective sixth sense which warned me when somebody had recognized me. To the stock questions: "How did it feel when . . . ?" and the "What's so and so like?" I had stock answers which I could give while thinking about something else.

There was one question which I was never quite sure how to answer. "Why on earth," I was asked, "do you run? It must be most uncomfortable. Surely there are pleasanter and more interesting ways of spending your time."

The question always set me thinking. Up to then, although I had never bothered to analyse it, I had run because I had enjoyed the sense of well-being it gave, much as some people like to tire themselves with long walks.

Now things were different. There was suddenly a public to whom I was supposed to owe a responsibility. Why, I did not exactly know. There were articles in newspapers telling me what I must do, full of exaggerated praise one day, the next ordering me to train harder and race more. How well I ran in a race was no longer a question between me and my self-respect. There was now a large number of people who demanded that it should all be thoroughly discussed, explained and justified.

At first I was uneasy and depressed at the articles written about me. I was portrayed as a blind fanatic devoted exclusively to pounding day and night around the running track, as "happy, smiling Chris, a jolly good chap and a frightfully decent sport," or as a gay young man about town, "cigar smoking and beer swilling." At times I

wondered whether when I came to leave the university a job would ever be offered to any of these tedious characters.

Gradually I ceased to bother about what was written. Although I could not get entirely used to it, I felt pleased, in my calmer moments, that people I did not know should get excitement and enjoyment out of something that I did solely for my own amusement.

Something I never got used to were the letters. On many mornings there were half a dozen requests to open bazaars, attend fêtes or give away prizes. One or two of the letters I would have been sorry to miss.

There was the man who wrote: "My old woman will never forgive you. She's been trying for thirty-one years to stop me drinking and smoking, but now I see that you train on cigarettes and whisky. I tell her it can't be doing you any harm."

One day came a demand from a Polish magazine in Warsaw that I should give a two hundred word answer to each of ten questions it had listed. Some were about training; some were impossible to decipher. All had very strange grammar. The last was: "State please what type woman you have in greatest pleasure." I could not find the right two hundred words for that one.

When a week or two's letters had accumulated it became a nightmare trying to catch up with my refusals. Many, I am afraid, never got written.

At Oxford I was now the secretary of the university athletics club. This meant being responsible for all the club's arrangements, and it kept me busy. I had by now made friends, grown some roots and made up my mind to a certain extent about what I was and was not interested in.

My political convictions were hardening a little. When I was first seriously introduced by my work to Karl Marx, I was immensely impressed, as many of my age were, by theoretical Communism. From Yugoslavia I had written to my father: "I am sure that this is the only possible régime for the country." Now I was beginning to feel that in the hands of human beings it was not such an ideal creed. I joined the university Conservative club, and became a fairly regular attender at its meetings.

Then came 1952, an Olympic year. I won the A.A.A. championships, and was chosen for the Olympic Games in Helsinki.

Throughout the early summer I trained hard—hard that is by the standards of those days. I would spend half an hour in training three or four days a week. Today no serious club athlete would dream of doing so little.

I had got to know Roger Bannister much better. I found that, despite my first impressions and whatever he might

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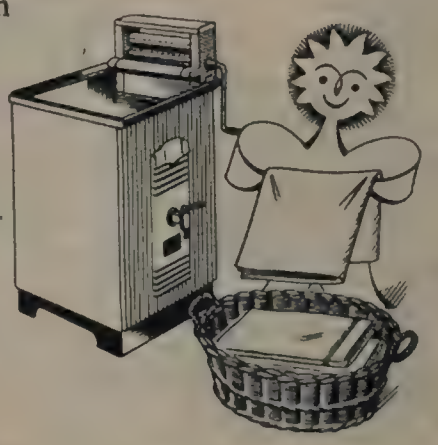

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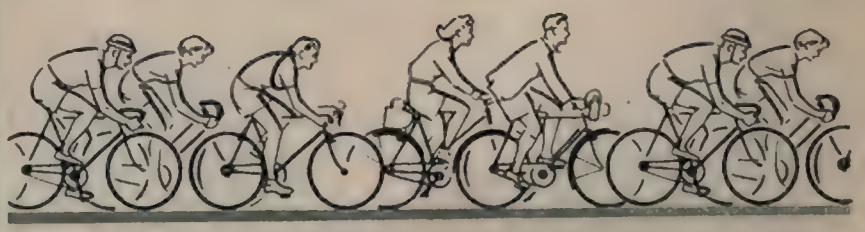

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BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK

say, he was a man who was passionately eager to succeed in his athletics. He wanted above all at that time to win a gold medal at the Olympics. Much of my training was done with him.

I discovered that Roger had a blissful ignorance of all other sports. One hot day in July of that year we were watching a Test Match at Lords. We were the guests of Jim Swanton, the sports journalist and radio commentator.

Expert cricket conversation was flowing. Roger, feeling himself about to be involved in some controversy, leaned over and whispered: "How many balls are there in an over, anyway?"

Unfortunately the whisper was not soft enough, and the look of horror which spread over honest cricketing faces around us is something I shall not forget.

A few days later, Roger Bannister rang me up. "I want to run a last time trial today to see just how fit I am before we leave for Helsinki," he said. "Will you run a lap or two to help?"

I said I would, and we met at the London University track at Motspur Park. As far as I can remember the only other people there were Norris and Ross McWhirter, the twins who have made such a reputation as athletic experts and journalists.

Without the spur of competition, but with the knowledge that this was his final trial, the culmination of months of single-minded preparation, Bannister ran three-quarters of a mile.

At the finish, not unduly exhausted, he walked over to the McWhirters. The watch showed 2 minutes 52.8 seconds—more than three seconds inside the existing world record.

At first he was angry. "You might have seen to it that you had a reliable watch before you came down."

"This," said Norris with professional pride, "was checked yesterday against Greenwich time. It is accurate to within a hundredth of a second. It damn well ought to be. The thing cost a hundred and twenty pounds."

Both of us were convinced. The time was right. But at Roger's request the result was kept secret. I was sure that he was going to win the 1,500 metres at the Games.

My own training had gone quite well, but my chance was an outside one. In the five thousand metres there were many great and experienced runners—Zatopek, Reiff, Mimoun, Schade and, it seemed to me, a host of others. I was only twenty-one, and my best time was a full twenty seconds slower than they had done.

BANNISTER thought it would be as well not to be hanging around in the Olympic Village at Helsinki for too long before the race, and we both took one of the later planes, arriving just after the Games had started.

The aircraft was horrifying. An old troop carrier, it was without heating or pressurization. At the front near the engine it was steaming hot, while at the back no quantity of overcoats or sweaters could keep us warm. Through odd gaps in the side we could see the sky and the wind whistled in.

Roger was very sick, I felt none too well. All the high hopes and elation from his time trial the week before had vanished. That morning Roger had read that instead of a semi-final and final with a day's rest in between, there were now to be three rounds in the 1,500 metres to be run on three consecutive days.

This he had not trained for. "I shall never be strong enough to produce my best on the last day," he said.

In the Olympic Village we shared a room with two others from Oxford—Nick Stacey and Alan Dick. The room rapidly acquired the look of a particularly nauseating slum tenement. The ordinary routine of life, the habits of tidiness and hygiene, suddenly seemed too unimportant to bother with.

Because he thought it was good for him, Alan Dick brought back a quart of milk from the dining-room, although this was not the type of liquid refreshment he normally indulged in. Half empty, it stood in the corner for a few

"I don't know why you made such a fuss about having a clean shirt"

days until someone accidentally kicked it over. None of us had the energy to clean up the mess. We lay on our beds conserving every ounce of energy for the great moment.

Roger Bannister quietly read a book. But the page never seemed to get turned.

The tension at an Olympic Games is hard to describe to anyone who has not experienced it. Like my fellow competitors, I was surrounded by athletes, sporting journalists and enthusiasts. The talk was of nothing but the Games.

To win my event seemed then to be the thing that mattered most in the world. This, I felt, was my one and only chance. I would never be at the top in another four years. Anything I had done in the past seemed nothing when set against an Olympic gold medal.

Furthermore, success in my race became identified with my ability to tackle the whole of life itself.

"Have I got the necessary strength of will?" I wondered. "Will it be just a good try—or have I somewhere a spark of brilliance?"

One foreign athlete whom I got to know and like well at the Olympics was Emil Zatopek from Czechoslovakia. To my mind he is not only the greatest runner ever, but the most outstanding personality in postwar athletics. He is intelligent, he speaks at least four languages well, he is a good bridge player and has a wonderful sense of humour.

I ran with him in a heat of the five thousand metres. There were fifteen runners, five of whom would qualify for the final. After about four thousand metres, Zatopek, who was running in front of me, turned round, held up the five fingers of his hand, and in a conversational way started to explain something in French to the group of us who were following.

I was very tired, and it took me some time to realize that he was telling us that we need not exert ourselves because the sixth man was a long way behind. We could all qualify comfortably and reserve our energies for the final.

However, one dogged little Russian in the group, a man called Anufriyev, was evidently determined that he would beat the great Zatopek even if it was only in a heat. Zatopek ran along beside him, trying to convince him that he really need not run so fast. But the Russian was not to be dissuaded. With a broad grin, Zatopek put his arm behind Anufriyev, gave him a helping push forward, and the Russian pounded on triumphantly to win the heat.

The final was a different story. The big clock above the results board showed five minutes to go. Zatopek was jogging around on the grass, ungainly, lumbering, but relaxed. None of the other competitors looked at ease.

Nervously they were putting on their running shoes, inspecting the track, staring absently at the board as if to see the result that would be displayed there in just twenty minutes more. Eighty thousand people were murmuring expectantly.

I felt completely alone. The leisurely training, the planning, the friends were gone. This was the moment, and now it depended only on me.

I discovered that inadvertently I had picked up somebody else's spikes. They were far too large. I had not time to go back to the dressing-room for my own. I was filled with panic. Nick Stacey appeared with my shoes; they were his that I had taken.

A moment later and the starter fired his pistol. I took the lead. I wanted a slow race that would give me the greatest chance in a last lap sprint. Imperceptibly I dropped the pace.

Zatopek, though, was far too experienced to be caught by such a simple ruse. After a lap he swept past, and the struggle was on. I kept with the leading group.

Six laps were over. My legs were heavy, and I did not think that I should be able to last much longer. Three laps to go, and I was almost at the stage of being too tired to care. I tried to divorce my mind from my body, to think of something else but the urgent physical discomfort. We were entering the last lap—just four of us! Zatopek, Mimoun of France, Schade of Germany, and I.

Beforehand I had told myself that I would make the effort at the entrance to the back straight. I gathered every ounce of energy and changed gear. I was past them. I was on the last bend with a hundred and fifty yards to go, and I was still ahead. Could it be that I was really going to win?

Suddenly Zatopek was at my shoulder. I remember one moment putting a foot inside the raised kerb on the inside. The next I was lying on the track with the wind knocked out of my body.

I must have caught my other foot on the kerb and tripped. Slowly I got to my feet and jogged the remaining hundred yards. It was painful to move and the longest hundred yards I have ever covered.

For a few moments I was more or less unconscious. With my breath back, I was surprised to find that there was no disappointment. I was just thoroughly relieved and glad that it was over.

My vanity was momentarily affronted by Gordon Pirie.

"So I did beat you in the end!" was his only comment as he walked over to where I lay on the ground. I had never lost to him before. He had been a hundred yards behind us at the start of the last lap. Because of my fall, he had caught up and passed me on the tape.

SOME years later I came to know Pirie better. He had mellowed a little by then, and I liked him for his honesty and lack of pretence. But at that moment at Helsinki not even Pirie could annoy me. I was happy to be free to enjoy myself and to watch the rest of the Games. With John Turner, a Canadian friend from Oxford who had come as a spectator, and two American girls I spent a pleasant evening at a restaurant called The Fisherman's Cabin.

A couple of days later I made another memorable visit to The Fisherman's Cabin, this time with Nick Stacey. On arrival we discovered that an official ball was being given by the Finnish-British Society for the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Kent. The guests were going in, immaculately dressed in tails.

We had on blazers and rather disreputable grey flannel trousers. Nick was undaunted. He approached the doorman, murmured, "Duke of Edinburgh's party," in a superior way, and I followed him in.

We shook hands with the Duke of Kent and the British Minister. Nick had met him briefly before, and took the opportunity of embracing his wife, kissing her affectionately on both cheeks.

This, I felt sure, was going too far, but she laughed. From then on it was plain sailing.

Today Nick Stacey is a clergyman in Portsmouth, where the same drive and unorthodoxy seem to get him just as good results. His friends think that one day he will make an interesting archbishop.

At the stadium I watched Zatopek win his third gold medal, looking for the first time in the week completely fresh as he trotted in at the finish of the marathon. I watched Bannister finish a brave but exhausted fourth in the 1,500 metres.

When the morning of his final arrived, it was at least three days since he had slept for more than a few minutes at a time. Despite all this, he forced himself, with an effort that was agony even to watch, within a few feet of winning, and broke the existing Olympic record.

From Helsinki I went to stay with a friend in Switzerland. Away from all the turmoil and excitement of the previous few weeks, I found it hard to know what to do. In a summer house above Interlaken, I tried to read a book or two. I walked and climbed.

Reaction set in. Too much time and energy I felt were going into this futile roundabout of international athletics. I wanted to settle down to work. I knew that in athletics I could improve a great deal, but I could see that, if I went on, it was going to be even less of a sport, a recreation. I felt then that I had had enough of running.

NEXT WEEK: My desperate White City race with Kuts

FEAR—3

The only thing we have to fear is fear itself.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

CHEW

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Money in the bank

Continued from page 13

left. Linen cupboard—you'll appreciate the way they're situated, madam."

"I never did like a place exposed to the north," Jess said. . . .

The house at Moor Edge was built of red brick and had a soggy garden.

"Usefully stocked with soft fruits and half-standards," Mr. Rustington said brightly.

"And nettles," George added.

"It doesn't look like it does in the picture," Jess said.

"It's a knock-down price," Mr. Rustington murmured.

"I still don't like it," Jess objected. "I just don't see our Maureen here. . . ."

At Canby Woods the gardens were all they should be. There was a school nearby; or, as Mr. Rustington said, conveniently adjacent. The best of the available properties faced south, the price was four thousand five hundred.

They settled for 6 Brook Drive, Canby Woods.

They had lunch at the Queen's. It was the first time they'd ever done that, and it cost 8s. 6d. each, with coffee extra.

"What I have in mind," George said, "is a good second-hand model."

"We must study running costs."

"That's right. Not too big."

They were met in the marble-floored, glass-walled car showroom by an urbane gentleman who washed his hands in invisible water.

"I want an inexpensive little car," George said. "Nothing flashy. Something I can use at weekends."

They strolled towards the used car department. They looked at a dozen, lifting bonnets and peering into boots.

"Say what you like," George said. "I'm still struck on the first one we looked at."

"You certainly can't go wrong with it, sir. Not at that price."

"I don't like the look of those tyres," Jess said.

"A nice roomy car, madam. Plenty of space for the family."

"We've only one. George, look at those tyres before you decide."

George got down on one knee. "Tyres, of course, can be replaced," the salesman said.

"They're certainly showing a bit of wear," George agreed. "And a new set of tyres—well, I might as well get a new car and have done with it."

"There's something in that, sir." The salesman brightened. "When all's said and done, a new car is an investment, whereas a used one. . . ."

They came out of the showroom at half-past two, and the salesman placed a large SOLD ticket on a brand-new duck-egg blue saloon at £1,200.

Meanwhile, George and Jess were heading for the toy-shop in High Street. They went into the basement.

"I've had my eye on this for months," George said. "Always thought that if I dropped in for a packet I'd buy it for Maureen."

It was an enormous rocking-horse, a veritable war-horse of a rocking-horse in plastic and chrome. You sat on it, pressed a button and the horse began to rear and buck most realistically.

"I can just imagine our Maureen on that," Jess said.

"Can you deliver it in half an hour?"

"We'll send a van right away, sir."

They got home at half-past three. Ten minutes later the delivery van stopped at the door and the horse was carried into the front room. It was all ready for action when Maureen came in.

She looked at the horse in awe.

"Get on," George said. "Climb up on its back."

She climbed, very carefully. He hoisted her over and told her to sit tight. Then he pressed the button and the horse began to rock and buck, while George laughed loudly.

"Bet you've never seen anything like that," he roared. "Sit tight, Maurie!"

Up and down, bumpety-bump. George didn't hear the door open behind him.

"George!" shouted Jess. "Can't you see she's crying? Turn the thing off."

Behind Jess, Mr. Prossor was standing in the doorway. Maureen gave a shrill, terrified scream. George pressed the button and lifted her down. "What's the matter?" he said. "Don't you like it?"

"You nearly frightened her to death," Jess said, clasping the child in her arms. "It's too big for her."

"She'll grow," George said. "You were as keen on getting it as I was."

Mr. Prossor entered diffidently. "It's a wonderful horse," he said diplomatically. "I've just been reading about your good fortune, Mr. Streeter. It's in the evening papers."

"Papers?" George repeated sharply. "Who's told the papers?"

"You can't keep news out of the papers, good or bad. I've been wondering . . . if you're leaving here. . . ."

"We're going up Canby Woods," George said. "That'd be a bit far out for you. But I'll put in a word for you with whoever comes in here. I'll tell them you've never been any trouble."

"Yes." Mr. Prossor smiled doubtfully. "Yes, that's very kind of you."

George found himself wondering what Mr. Prossor would have done with £30,000. He asked suddenly, in a loud sharp voice.

"What would I do?" Mr. Prossor repeated. "I'm not quite sure. I should have to think very carefully."

"You'd be able to buy anything you wanted," George said.

"Would I?" Mr. Prossor said. "I wonder what I would buy first? Speech where there is silence? The warmth of reality where there are only memories?" He smiled gently. "My wife died twelve years ago. My boy was killed in a forgotten war."

George felt himself in retreat. "You could travel. You could go to see all those places you read about."

Mr. Prossor's eyes twinkled. "No. Money, leisure, travel, they don't add up to much. Youth, now, that's the great thing. You know, the merciful blessing at your age is that there's still time to start afresh."

George stared at him for a moment, then turned to the kitchen door.

"How long is tea going to be, Jess?" he asked irritably. . . .

Mr. Prossor went out after tea; for some tobacco, he said, and to the library again.

It was just before eight when Mr. Tenter came. He carried a brief-case and looked very important.

He had scarcely sat down before there was another knock on the door and Herbert, Jess's brother, walked in.

"You old fox!" Herbert said to George. "Thought you'd given me a tinkle. Nary a word till I saw it in the papers."

"I wanted to tell you, Herbert," Jess said. "But George wouldn't let me."

"Anyway, you've got the financial expert on tap," Herbert said, nodding affably to Mr. Tenter. "Carry on, carry on. Don't mind me."

Mr. Tenter opened his brief-case. "In your place," he said, pointedly ignoring Herbert, "I'd have a talk with Mickham and Mickhams. They're the best people in town. I can arrange an interview with Harry Mickham, if you like. However, speaking quite tentatively, I'd spread over the sum at your disposal something like this. . . ."

He talked for a long time in a quiet, assured voice. Herbert lay back with his eyes shut, a cigarette in his mouth.

"Wouldn't touch it," he said at last. George turned to look at him.

"Wouldn't touch it," Herbert said again. "And I think the same about three or four of the others. Let me tell you, I dropped a packet that way. Not a packet like yours. Maybe you can afford a risk. Maybe you can afford to lose five thousand, ten thousand. But I wouldn't touch it."

Herbert left first. Mr. Tenter followed at nine o'clock. George sat in his shirt-sleeves. Maureen had gone to sleep on the settee and Jess hadn't taken her upstairs. Jess said she would dream about the horse that night.

"I wonder what old Tenter's making out of it," George asked the ceiling.

"Don't get suspicious, George."

"D'you know what we've spent today? Five thousand seven hundred. You realize what that means? A week at that rate and it'd be gone, every damned penny of it."

"Don't be silly, George. We'll never spend as much in a day again."

"No? What about the things you're going to get for Canby Woods, eh? You said yourself it'll cost eight hundred to furnish. Then there's the running costs of the car. We'll start dipping in, dipping in, dipping in, and it'll dwindle——"

There was a knock on the door. It was Mr. Prossor. He stood blinking in the light. He took off his glasses and wiped them.

"Well," he said, "it's your great day. You've been very good to me, Mr. Streeter. And your wife. I thought I'd like to—to express my appreciation."

He carefully took a bottle of white wine from his coat pocket. "A little celebration! And—oh yes, I was almost forgetting." He went back to the kitchen and came back with a flowering plant. "For you, Mrs. Streeter, with all my good wishes . . . and a little book for Maureen, too."

George looked sideways at the book. He could see a bevy of fairies on the cover. He saw, too, the shy, sweet smile as Maureen put her arms round Mr. Prossor's neck, then took the book to the big chair.

"This is very kind of you, Mr. Prossor," Jess said.

George grunted. He went to the sideboard for the glasses that were rarely taken out except at Christmas. He gave Mr. Prossor a corkscrew and the old man poured the wine as if it were a rare vintage.

"To the future!" Mr. Prossor said.

George drank and put down his glass. His hand went to his wallet pocket. He was working things out. Fifteen bob, say, for the wine, ten for that flowering plant; another five for the book, and all old Prossor had was his pension. It wouldn't hurt to give the old boy a couple of pounds. That should cover it and leave a margin.

He drew out his wallet.

As he did so, the old grey eyes lifted and met his. And suddenly George felt burning, abysmal shame. He thrust the wallet back, aware that he had come very near to doing a terrible, unpardonable thing.

"Yes, we both appreciate it," he mumbled.

He stared at the wine, at his wife and the old man, at Maureen, curled on the settee with the book. He reached for his coat.

"I won't be long," he said.

He walked down the street, through the soft spring night. He wanted a drink, something to wash away the sharp sweetness of the wine. He knew now that he was still a poor man—a far poorer man than old Prossor—and the question that dominated his thoughts was no longer one of money but of willpower, perhaps even courage.

The money might help, but had he the strength to start afresh? Would he, tomorrow, laugh at this strange, fleeting feeling? Or could he hold on to its elusive quality, live a bit more selflessly and fully? He felt an aching urge to try. THE END

MY BROTHER David

WE lived near the docks in Hull, and David, who was a born ringleader, used to lead me into all sorts of scrapes. One of his favourite games was to play round the grain ships and jump through the hatches of the holds into the soft grain below.

If he was chased he used to disappear into the timber yards next to the docks and climb to the top of the wood stacks where no one could reach him. Usually he escaped punishment; but once he was well and truly caught.

He had been dared to steal one of the dinghies and row it across the harbour. He was halfway across when he noticed three policemen with huge police dogs waiting for him on the quayside. He turned round and saw Mother, looking furious, waiting for him on the other side.

David, unable to decide who would punish him most, calmly decided to leave it to fate and waited in the middle of the harbour to see what would happen. The policemen rowed out to collect him.

David was a happy child and loved singing. Though not overfond of lessons, he looked forward eagerly to the Christmas concert at school, for which he prepared with great enthusiasm.

One year he was asked to sing a solo called "The Cobbler." He dressed up in a leather apron and managed to get hold of a heavy hammer which he waved wildly around while he was singing. At his final, excited rehearsal, he waved his hammer a little too fiercely. It fell on to his toe and broke it.

He left school when he was twelve and, after working as a baker's boy and later in a cement factory, he joined the navy. Once, while home on leave, he met two girl friends who asked him to go to a dance, and though David protested that he could not dance a step, he unwillingly went along.

When they arrived a talent competition was in progress. The two girls had secretly entered his name for it, and David was amazed when his name was called. There was no chance to escape, so, without any preparation, he went on to the stage. He won the competition and found that he had been launched on a new career.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 38

FEAR—4

It is very much better sometimes to have a panic feeling beforehand, and then be quite calm when things happen, than to be extremely calm beforehand and get into a panic when things happen.

Sir Winston Churchill

Invisible thief

Continued from page 17

with cars and lorries, and some day after that we will live in houses built of sawn timber."

There was a general murmur of disbelief, spurring Kasimus on.

"No, this is true," he said. "Some day the village will have cars of its own, and lorries to do the carrying. When I worked for Japan I learned to drive a car, and a big boat on the river. I tended the engines and drove the boat, and these things are simple. We all can learn."

But Pangae shook his head. "I have seen things bigger than Kasimus dreams about," he said, "and perhaps they will come here some day, but then living will not be simple any more. You will have to learn many things, above all to read in books, for learning is power."

"Power is wealth and motor-cars and big boats," said Kasimus. "These things do not come by learning."

Pangae said slowly: "If you have learning, you can know about other people, and that gives you power. I will try to show you in a little way, for I have a little learning. Give me the bank book you hold from the government office at Naramai. I will tell you your business, whether you are a man of substance."

"I have plenty of money," Kasimus said. He got up from the circle and walked to his house and brought back the passbook from the savings bank. Pangae pored over the pages.

"You are a wealthy man, Kasimus. You have seventy pounds."

"So much?" exclaimed Kasimus. He was pleased. Two or three others left the fire and went to their huts.

"You went the week before last and put money in the bank. You put three pounds there. You see, I know your business. It is better to learn this little book than to learn a car. The book comes first and then the car, and the white man's world is both together."

"This may be true," said Kasimus. "But I took eight pounds, not three."

Pangae examined the book again. "I cannot read very well," he admitted. "Nevertheless, for the little I can, this book tells me certain things."

DIDSIRA was at his side, holding out his book. "Tell me how much money I have left," he said.

"There are seven pounds in the bank. Ten days ago you took money out."

"Two pounds," said Didsira.

Pangae looked at the book again. "That may be. Two pounds," he said.

"I thought I had more pounds than seven," Didsira complained.

"This two pounds," Pangae said. "You are not long back from the mines and have little need of money. Were the two pounds for yourself?"

Didsira shook his head. "For the father of my father," he explained.

"But he is dead."

"Even so, he had need of it."

"Tell me," Pangae asked, "how do you speak with the father of your father?"

Kasimus cleared his throat. "It is a thing that happens to me," he interrupted. "Sometimes in the night I go and talk with the spirits. I can do it when I want. Sometimes the spirits talk with me. While I am away in the land of the spirits, sometimes they come to my empty house and talk with the people."

Pangae leaned forward. "It can happen whenever you want it to?" he asked. He had been impressed that, of all the bank books he had seen, only that of Kasimus showed recent deposits. The rest showed withdrawals.

Kasimus nodded. "I talk to the spirits whenever I want."

"This I would like to see," said Pangae. He decided not to go to Naramai the next day but to spend a little longer in Kumbilip. . . .

"I would like to talk with my father," he said to Kasimus the next day. "It is many years since he was eaten by crocodiles. I would like to hear how things go with him."

"There will be a present for me," said Kasimus promptly. "A present of money—a pound. It puts me in danger to go to the land of the spirits."

"That's only right," agreed Pangae.

Kasimus said: "The night after tomorrow I will go to see the spirits. If your father comes in my stead, you will talk with him."

"If my father comes, there will be another present," Pangae promised.

Kasimus was pleased. "There is merit in other things than reading," he said.

The night of the seance was dark and still, and a little crowd of men, forewarned, gathered in front of the door of the hut where Kasimus lived alone. The women of the village were in their own huts; the children were long before asleep, and the gathering was silent.

Kasimus, by the steps of the hut, spoke softly to Pangae. "I will sit by my bed and wait for the spirits to take me. But let no one come in the hut or something evil might take them. This is for me alone. I know my way back from the land of spirits. In a little while this coconut I put at my door will fall to the ground. I will kick it as I go, but you will not see me. Then the hut will be empty, as you may see. But do not stop long inside or the spirit of your father will be angry if he does not find an empty hut."

He went inside and pulled a plaited leaf into place so that it concealed the doorway.

In a little while the coconut at the doorway rolled to the ground. There was a murmured acknowledgment from the men near the hut.

Pangae climbed the steps and looked inside. It was dark there, but the embers of a dying fire threw a little light and he could see the place was empty. There were pots near the fire, and a dance mask on the wall picked up the last fragments of light and glowed evilly white.

He went outside and rejoined the people squatting on the ground. They had all collected at the side, rather than at the front of the hut, and sat silent, looking expectantly at the grass-thatched wall.

After a while—it might have been ten minutes or a quarter of an hour—a voice spoke from within the house.

"Pangae," it said. "Pangae, my son. Is it my son?"

It was not, apparently, the voice of Kasimus, but it was too low, too soft, to be positively identified. It might even have been the voice of Biba, who was Pangae's father.

"I am Pangae," the sergeant replied.

"You would like to talk with me?"

"Only to know how you fared," said Pangae. "To tell you that all things go well with me, and to know how you fared."

The voice, so low as to be almost indistinguishable, told him of the spirit land. His father, it seemed, still had much pain of the bite of the crocodile that had ended his days. And sometimes, because he could not work very well, he was hungry.

"I need money, my son. Can you give me a little money?" asked the voice.

"I have money," Pangae said readily. "But how do I know you are my father?"

"Is not the voice the voice of your father?"

"The voice is the voice of my father truly," Pangae said. "But I cannot give money to a voice. A voice has no hands."

"Roll up the money in a little ball and throw it into the hut. How much can you give me, Pangae? A pound?"

"I have three pounds. But if I throw the money into the hut, how will I know it comes to you and not to Kasimus? For Kasimus owns the hut."

The voice was silent.

"If you are my father, put out your hand for the money," said Pangae.

The silence continued a little while. Then there was a rustling of the thatch, and the fingers of a hand, moving slowly, protruded a few inches.

"Where is your hand?" Pangae said.

The other watchers, silent as the mountain peaks, turned to him in amazement, but the hand, palm upward, extended farther through the thatch. Pangae looked in his shoulder bag, extracted something and came forward to the hand. Suddenly he gripped it and brought an arm up to the shoulder through the thatch. There was a sharp cry from the hut.

"Truly the voice was the voice of my father, but the hand is the hand of Kasimus," Pangae said. "You man," he said, handing Didsira the thing he had taken from his bag, "tie this hand to this pole while we find the rest of Kasimus."

There was a silence inside the hut. When the wrist was lashed tight to the pole, they went inside.

There was a false wall, leaving a space perhaps eighteen inches wide at the side of the hut. Pangae pulled away the grass and disclosed a discomfited Kasimus. The only other apparatus was a light rod leading from the hiding place to the door, so that the coconut could be toppled.

After a crowding hustle of jeering villagers had inspected Kasimus, Pangae squatted down beside him.

"You know I am a policeman, Kasimus," he said. "Now I arrest you. Tomorrow you travel with me back to headquarters and I think you will go to prison."

In the morning he selected Didsira and two other villagers who had paid spirit money before to go with him as witnesses, and they set out. But when they came to the fork of the roads, he took the one that led to Naramai.

"You will need money," he said, "but this money the government will repay. Nevertheless I am not a rich man, and we will be some days on the road; therefore take each one two pounds from the bank."

"I too?" asked Kasimus.

"You too," said Pangae. "You also eat."

He squatted down a little way from the district office. There was little point in his reporting to the patrol officer, and he had no intention of making explanations. When the four others came back he took their money and their bank books and put everything in his shoulder bag. There were protests, but he quieted them.

"You are all witnesses that each took his money from the bank, and that I took it all. It is safe. Master Ramage will see you get it back. It is a police matter, something you would not understand. . . ."

"OLD friends meet," commented Ramage four days later when, after he had heard the story, he wandered out to look at the prisoner and the three witnesses lined up on the veranda. He knew Kasimus of old. "A very good job, Sergeant. We've found out where the money was going, anyway. And Mr. Goodland will be satisfied."

"Sir, there is a little more to report," said Pangae.

Ramage looked at him questioningly and led the way into the office. There Pangae produced the four bank books and eight pound notes from his shirt.

"This man Kasimus is a little thief, I think," he said, "obtaining money under false pretences. This other one—I don't know what to call it." He opened the first bank book, which belonged to Kasimus. "When I saw the book first time it said that Kasimus had put three pounds in the bank. But Kasimus said he had put eight. Didsira said he had taken two pounds out. His bank book said four. Now, when we came away, each man took two pounds out of the bank, and there were three witnesses for each man to say he did it. But the bank books say different."

He showed the entries; there were three withdrawals of four pounds recorded, and one—in the book belonging to Kasimus, which had the biggest balance—of five.

"Good Lord!" said Ramage. He sat down and examined the books. "You are sure of this, Pangae?"

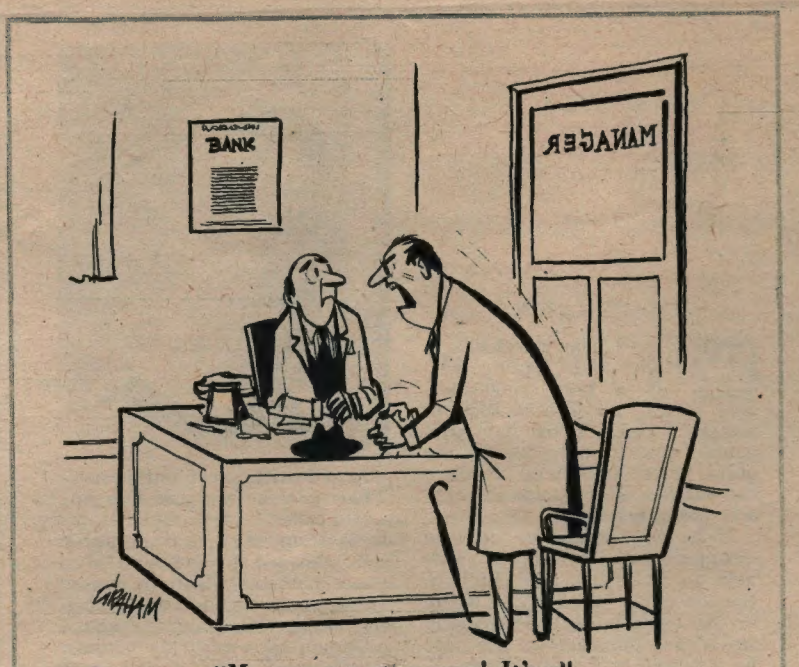
Pangae nodded. "I am sure, sir."

"Curledge—the manager! That's a bit unhappy. That's a bit of a problem," Ramage said, talking to himself. "You could have arrested him yourself, Pangae," he said.

The sergeant shook his head. "A little time does not matter," he said. "There will be another white man to take the place of Master Curledge, and it will be better if the people do not know why. . . ."

"Talks like a book, that fellow," Ramage said to the cadet patrol officer in the outer room when Pangae had gone. He stood at the window and watched him march down the road. A few yards from the district office Pangae stopped and plucked something out of the hedge—a long, heavily flowered spray of pink corallita.

"But he's the best detective in the force," Ramage added. He leaned over and wagged a finger at the youngster. "Don't ever underestimate a native. It's poor policy." THE END



"Money, money, money! It's all you chaps seem to think about"

MY BROTHER DAVID

See page 37

David Whitfield, the famous singer, is the brother of Mrs. Doris Walters

LONDON
FOR YOUR FAMILY HOLIDAY

BIG BEN has looked down on hundreds of Bulleteers and their friends who, as Bullets guests, have enjoyed the panorama of London's bright lights, theatres, cinemas, historic buildings, its thousand other thrills. Here, strolling over Westminster Bridge, you see two of them from Leighton Buzzard. This week, with a First Prize cheque, comes the very first "*Family* Holiday" in London for a Bullet. Hotel accommodation for *four*, sightseeing, visits to Zoo and Festival Gardens, trip to Windsor, day at Brighton . . . all the fun of a London holiday week, *plus a fortune*, for your coupon below.

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Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Britain's Reveille	Disqualified From Driving
Man, The Explorer	In A Quiet Spot
Peacemaker Bulganin	Childhood's Magic
Bubbling With Bonhomie	Without Strings
To Ease The Burden	Playing With Dynamite
Wonderful London	If She Had Her Way
They Call It Civilization, But	Grandpa's New Job
In Summer's Pageant	Shook Me
Like A Scalded Cat	Feathering His Nest
"Naughty! Naughty!"	Trip On The "Skylark"

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above

Face To Face With..... Over.....'s Dead Body
.....Is Fun, So .....Girl
Bound To..... .....For The Bridegroom

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.

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I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet.

Signed.....
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£10: Mrs. M. Oldfield, 10 Treorchy Street, Cathays, Cardiff: THE MESS WE'RE IN—THROUGH "SPLASHING OUR GRAVY"!

OTHER AWARDS. £9: F. Wood, Newsham House, 111 Yarm Road, Eaglescliffe, Stockton-on-Tees: AN UNENDING STREAM—OF ELECTRONS, "BOMBARDING" DIEHARDS. £8: Mrs. L. Howe, 179 Fairmile Road, Christchurch, Hants: BORING AT HARWELL—FOR *Atom's* "OIL WELLS." £7: A. D. James, 25 Suffolk Parade, Cheltenham: AN UNENDING STREAM—TROUBLES? SEEK "STILL WATERS"! £6: A. Houghton, 59 Blaguegate Lane, Lathom, Ormskirk: ANGRY YOUNG MAN—OF LETTERS—STUDYING "ENVELOPE." £5: C. Brown, 89 Chester Road, Northwich, Cheshire: FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITABLE—DRIVERS—AND I'M ACROSS! £5: R. W. Curd, 11 Orchard Way, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex: CRISIS AT HARWELL — HEAVY WATER BENT TEAPOT! £5: Mrs. M. Lawrence, 9 Park Avenue, Thornaby-on-Tees, Co. Durham: GLOOM AND DESPONDENCY—TWO "BLACKS" *Deserving* COLOUR-BAR.

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RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated July 20), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 6, for early news of No. 2,095 result.)

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